THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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MY FATHER WAS A BLACKSMITH, AND CAME OUT OF CLONMEL

THE BOSS

The Life of a Master Politician

By Alfred Henry Lewis

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IT SHOULD be said in the beginning that these memoirs will not be written by my personal hand. I have no skill of pen and ink, and any relation of length would be beyond my genius. The phrasing would fall to be disreputable; and the story itself turn involved, and step on its own toes, or even fall flat on its face, unable to proceed at all. Wherefore, as much for those who are to read as for my own credit, I shall have him who makes print his trade to write these pages for me.

Nor shall I advance apology in this. Do I plan for the construction of a house, I call to my aid architects and artisans in wood and stone and iron. I am not disgraced for that out of my own hands and head I do not throw up the walls and lay on the roof of the edifice. Why, then, when now I am about the story of my life, should I blush or lower my brow because I am driven to seek the aid of one who makes an inkpot his profession? I am like a lumber-yard or a stone-quarry, and full of the raw material for this work; but I require one drilled of saw and chisel to carry off the business of my house-building.

It would be the natural thing, should you who open these leaves put the question of motive and ask why, when now I am retired and should be cautious with my threescore years, I come forth with confidences which are like to prove less for my credit that I might wish. Why is it that I, who have removed myself and my millions to scenes of ease and safety, may not leave well enough alone? Why should I return with disclosures touching Tammany and the inner history of that organization when the dullest must apprehend, as the foolish fruits of such garrulity, only trouble and pain?

To the cheer of those still on the firing lines of political effort, let me promise to say no more of them than belongs of necessity with the expression of my own career. I aim toward the painting of no man's picture save my own. Also from first to last I will hold before the face of each old friend the shield of an alias and never for a moment in name or feature uncover him to the general eye.

As to why it pleases me to set out my evolution and whether I hope for good or ill to flow therefrom in my own favor, I am not able to set forth. There is that within my bosom to urge me to this work, that much I know; the thing uncertain being, is it vanity, or is it remorse to so ride me and force my frankness to top-speed? There comes one thought: however black that robe of reputation which the truth weaves for me, it will seem milk-white when laid side by side with what Mendacity has invented and Malice sworn to.

Before I lift the latch of narration I would have you pardon me a first defensive word. Conceiving that in the theory of politics at least, whatever the practice may discover, there is such a commodity as morals and such a ware as truth, and remembering how much, as the Chief of Tammany Hall, I have been condemned by purists and folk voluble for reform as being a fashion of City Satan striving for all that was ebon in local conditions and control, I would remind the reader—hoping his mind to be unbiased and that he will hold fairly the scales for me—that both morals and truth, as questions, will ever depend for their answer on environment and point of view. The morality of one man is the sin of another and the truth in this mouth is the lie in that. Having said this much, let me now go forward without more flourish.

CHAPTER I

MY FATHER was a blacksmith, and he and my mother came out of Clonmel, where I myself was born. There were four to our family, for besides my father and mother I owned a sister named Anne, she being my better in age by a couple of years. Anne is dead now and under the grass roots; but while she lived—and she did not pass until after I had reached the size and manners of a man—she was a sort of second mother to me, and the littlest of my interests was her chief concern.

That Anne was thus tender about my destinies worked, doubtless, a deal of fortunate good to me. By nature, though nothing vicious, I was as lawless as a savage; and, being resentful of boundaries and as set for liberty as water down hill, I needed her influence to hold me in some quiet order. That I have the least of letters is due wholly to Anne; for school stood to me, child and boy, as hateful as a rainy day, and it was only by her going with me to sit by my side and show me my blurred way across the page that I would mind my book at all.

It was upon a day rearward more than fifty years when my father, gathering together our slight belongings, took us aboard ship for America. We were six weeks between Queenstown and New York. For myself, I hold no clear memory of that voyage, since I was but seven at the time. Nor could I have been called good company; I wept every foot of the way, being sick from shore to shore, and having no more stomach to put to sea with than I have now.

It was eight o'clock of a certain July night that my father, having about him my mother and Anne and myself, came ashore at Castle Garden. It being dark, and none to meet us nor place for us to seek, we slept that night, with our coats for beds, on the Castle Garden flags. If there were hardship to lurk in thus making a couch of the stone floors I missed the notice of it; I was as sound asleep as a tree at midnight when we came out of the ship and for eight hours thereafter, never once, till the sun was up, opening my eyes to that new world we had come to.

Indeed, one may call it in all candor a new world! The more since, by the grace of accident, that first day fell upon the fourth of the month, and it was the near, persistent roar of cannon all about us, beginning with the break of day, that brushed aside our sleep. My father and mother were as simple as was I, myself, on questions of Western story, and the fact of the Fourth of July told no news to them. Guns boomed; flags flaunted; bands of music brayed; gay troops went marching hither and yon; crackers sputtered and snapped; orators with iron throats swept down on spellbound crowds in gales of red-faced eloquence; flaming rockets, when the sun went down, streaked the night with fire. To these manifestations my father and the rest of us gave admiring ear and eye; although we were a trifle awed by the vehemence of an existence in which we planned to have our part, for we took what we heard and witnessed to be the every-day life of the place.

WE WERE A TRIFLE AWED

"TAKE HIM TO THE STATION," CRIED SHEENY JOE; "HE STRUCK ME WITH A KNUCKLE-DUSTER"

My father was by trade a blacksmith, and one fair of his craft. Neither he nor my mother had much learning; but they were peaceful, sober folk with a bent for work, and being sure, rain or shine, to go to church, and strict in all their duties, they were ones to have a standing with the clergy and the neighbors. It tells well for my father that within the forty-eight hours to follow our landing at Castle Garden he had a roof above our heads and an anvil to hammer upon; this latter at a wage double the best that Clonmel might offer even in a dream. And so we began to settle to our surroundings, and to match with them and fit them to ourselves—with each day Clonmel to gather a dimness, and we to seem less strange and more at home, and in the last to feel as naturally of America as though we had been born upon the soil.

It has found prior intimation that my earlier years ran as wild as a colt, with no strong power save Anne's to tempt me in a right direction. My father, so far as his mood might promise, would have led me in paths I should go; but he was never sharp to a condition, and with nothing to him alert or quick he was one easily fooled, and I dealt with him as I would. Moreover, he had his hands filled with the task of the family's support; for though he took more in wage for his day's work than had ever come to him before, the cost to live had equal promotion, and it is to be doubted if any New York Monday discovered him with riches in his pocket beyond what would have dwelt there had he stayed in Clonmel. But whether he lacked temper or time, and whatever the argument, he cracked no thong of authority over me; I worked out my days by patterns to please myself, with never word from him to check or guide me.

And my mother was the same. She had her house to care for; and in a wash-tub day, and one when sewing-machines were yet to find their birth, a woman with a family to be a cook to, and she of a taste, besides, to see them clothed and clean, would find her every waking hour engaged. She was a housekeeper of celebration, was my mother, and a star for neighboring wives to steer by; with floor and walls and everything about her as spick and span as scouring, soap and lye might make them. Pale, work-worn, I still carry her on the skyline of my memory; and I recall how her eye would light and her gray cheek show a flush when the priest did us the credit of supper at our board, my father pulling down his sleeves over his great hairy arms in deference to the exalted station of the guest. It comes to this, however, that both my father and my mother, in their narrow simplicities and time taken up with the merest arts of living, had neither cares nor commands for me. I came and I went by my own clock, and if I gave the business thought, it was a thought of gratitude to find myself so free.

To be sure, I went now and then to my lessons. Anne had been brisk to seek forth a school; for she refused to grow up in ignorance, and even cherished a plan one day to teach classes from a book herself. Being established, she drew me after her, using both persuasion and force to that end, and to keep me in a way of enlightenment invented a system of rewards and punishments, mainly the former, by which according to my merit I was to suffer or gain. To be brief with these matters of schools and books and alphabets—and hickory beatings—I went to my classes for a day only to hide from them for a week; as might be guessed, the system collected but a scanty erudition.

BIG KENNEDY

It is pity, too; that question of education cannot too much invite an emphasis. It is only when one is young that one may be book-taught, just as the time of spring is the time for seed. There goes a byword of an old dog and a new trick, and I should say it meant a man when he is thirty or forty with a book; for, though driven by all the power of shame, I strove in vain with what was utmost in me to repair in middle years the loss of those school days wasted away. I could come by no advance; the currents of habitual ignorance were too strong and I made no head against them. You think I dwell a deal over my want of letters? I tell you it is the thing I have most mourned in all my life.

When a fugitive from lessons I would stay away from my home. This was because I must manage an escape from Anne; should she find me I was lost and nothing for it save to be dragged again to school. The look of grief in her brown eyes spelled ever defeat for me. My only safety was to turn myself out-of-doors and play the exile.

This vagabondage was pleasant enough, since it served to feed my native vagrancy of temper. And I fared well, too; for I grew into a kind of cateran, and was out of my sleeping-lair with the sun to follow the milkman and baker on their rounds. Coming betimes to the doors of customers who still snored between their sheets, these merchants left their wares in areas. That was all my worst need asked; by the time they doubled the nearest corner I had made my swoop and was fed for the whole of a day.

Moreover, I knew a way to pick up coppers. On a near-by corner in the Bowery a great auction of horses was going. Being light and little, and having, besides, a lively inclination for horses, I was thrown upon the backs of ones put up for sale to show their paces. For each of these mounts I came the better off by five cents, and on lucky days have made as much as the half of a dollar at that trade. As for a bed, if it were summer-time what should be finer than the docks? Or if winter, then the fire-rooms of the tugs, with the engineers and stokers of which I made it my care to be friendly? I was always ready to throw off a line, or polish a lantern, or, when a tug was at the wharf, run to the nearest tap-room and fetch a pail of beer; for which good deeds the East River went thickly dotted with my allies before ever I touched the age of ten.

These meagre etchings give some picture of what was my earlier life, the major share of which I ran wild about the streets. Neither my father nor my mother lived in any command of me, and the parish priest failed as dismally as did they when he sought to confine my conduct to a rule. That hickory-wielding schoolmaster was a priest; and he gave me such a distaste of the clergy that I rolled away from their touch like quicksilver. Anne's tears and the soft voice of her were what I feared, and so I kept as much as possible beyond their spell.

Coming now to a day when I began first to consider existence as a serious problem, I must tell you how my sole claim to eminence abode in this: that, lung and limb, I was as strong and tireless as any bison or any bear. It was my capital, my one virtue, the mark that set me above my fellows. This story of vast strength sounds the more strange, since I was under rather than above the common height, and never until in later life, when I took on a thickness of fat, scaled heavier than one hundred and forty pounds. Thus it stood, however, that my strength, even as a youth, went so far beyond what might be called legitimate that it became as a proverb. The gift was a kind of genius; I tell of it particularly because it turned to be the ladder whereby I climbed into the first of my fortunes. Without it, sure, I never would have lifted myself above the gutter levels of my mates, nor fingered a splinter of those millions that now lie safely banked and waiting to my name and hand.

CHAPTER II

IT WAS when I was in my fifteenth year that face to face I first met politics. Or to fit the phrase more nearly with the fact, I should say it was then when politics met me. Nor was that meeting in its incident one soon to slip from memory. The more that I was young, since the trail of events is ever deepest where the ground is soft. It was my first captivity, and there will come on one no greater horror than seizes him when for the earliest time he hears bars and bolts grate home behind him.

On that day, had one found and measured me, he would not have called me a child of thoughts or books or alcoves. My nature was as unkempt as the streets. Still, in a turbid way and between broadest banks, the currents of my sentiment were running for honesty and truth. Also, though I wasted no space over the question, I took it as I took the skies above me that law was for those guilty of wrong, and justice even against odds of power would never fail the weak and right. My eyes were to be opened; I was to be shown the lesson of Tammany, and how law would bend and judges bow before the mighty breath of the machine.

It was in the long shadows of an August afternoon when the Southampton boat was docked—a clipper of the Black Ball line. I stood looking on; my leisure was spent about the river front, for I was as fond of the water as a petrel. The passengers came thronging down the gangplanks; once ashore, many of the poorer steerage sort stood about in misty bewilderment, not knowing which way to turn or where to go.

In that far day a special trade had grown up among the piers; the men to follow it were called hotel runners. These birds of prey met incoming ships to swoop on the newcomers with lies and cheats, and carry them away to hostelries whose mean interests they served. These latter were the poorest in the town, besides being often mere dens of wickedness.

As I moved, boy-like, in and out among the waiting groups of immigrants, a girl called to me. This girl was English, with yellow hair and cheeks red as apples. I remember I thought her beautiful, and was the more to notice it since she seemed no older than myself. She was stark alone and a trifle frightened.

"Boy," said Apple Cheek, whose name I heard later was Mary Bright, "boy, where can I go for to-night? I have money, though not much, so it must not be a dear place."

Before I could set my tongue to a reply a runner known as Sheeny Joe had Apple Cheek by the arm and was for leading her away.

"Come with me," said Sheeny Joe to Apple Cheek; "I will show you to a house as neat as pins and quiet as a church, kept by a Christian lady as wears out her eyes with searching of the Scriptures. You can stay there as long as ever you likes for two shillin' a day."

This was reeled off by Sheeny Joe with a suave softness like the flow of treacle. He was cunning enough to give the charge in shillings, so as to match the British ear and education of poor Apple Cheek.

"Where is this place?" asked Apple Cheek. I could see how she shrunk from Sheeny Joe, with his eyes greedy and black and small and shiny like the eyes of a rat.

"You wouldn't know the place, young lady," returned Sheeny Joe; "but it's all right, with prayers and that sort of thing, both night and mornin'. It's in Water Street, the place is. Number blank, Water Street," repeated Sheeny Joe, giving a resort known as the Dead Rabbit. "Come; which ones is your bundles? I'll help you carry them."

Now by general word, the Dead Rabbit was not unknown to me. It was neither tavern nor boarding-house.

"You don't want to go to that place," said I, finding my voice and turning to Apple Cheek. "You come to my mother's house; my sister will find you a place to stay. The house he's talkin' about"—here I indicated Sheeny Joe—"ain't no tavern. It's a boozin' den for crimps and thieves."

Without a word, Sheeny Joe aimed a swinging blow at my head: Apple Cheek gave a low scream. Quick as a goat on my feet, and as soon to see a storm coming up as any sailor, I leaped backward from the blow; and next, before Sheeny Joe recovered himself, I was upon him with a wrestler's twitch and trip that tossed him high in the air like a rag. He struck on his head and shoulders, the chime of a cask against which he rolled cutting a fine gash in his scalp.

With a whirl of oaths, Sheeny Joe tried to scramble to his feet; he was shaken with rage and wonder to be thus outfaced and worsted by a boy. As he gained his knees, and before he might straighten to his ignoble feet, I dealt him a crashing blow between the eyes, or rather on the bridge of his nose, which latter feature for Sheeny Joe grew curved and beaky. The blow was of the sort that boxers style a "hook," and one nothing good to stop. Over Sheeny Joe went, and lay against the tier of casks, bleeding like tragedy, beaten, and yelling "murder!"

Sheeny Joe, bleeding and roaring, and I by no means glutted, but still hungry for his harm, were instantly the centre of a gaping crowd that came about us like a whirlpool. With the others came an officer of the police.

"W'at's the row here?" demanded the officer.

"Take him to the station!" cried Sheeny Joe, picking himself up, a dripping picture of blood; "he struck me with a knuckle-duster."

"Not so fast, officer," put in a reputable old gentleman. "Hear the lad's story first. The fellow was saying something to this girl. Nor does he look as though it could have been for her benefit."

"Tell me about it, kid," said the officer not unkindly. My age and weight, as against those of Sheeny Joe, told with this agent of the peace, who was at heart a fair man. "Tell me what there is to this shindy."

"Why don't you take him in?" screamed Sheeny Joe. "W'at have you got to do with his story?"

"Well, there's two ends to an alley," retorted the officer warmly. "I'll hear what the boy has to say. Do you think you're goin' to do all the talkin'?"

"The first thing you'll know," returned Sheeny Joe fiercely, "I'll have them pewter buttons off your coat."

"Oh, you will!" said the officer with a scowl. "Now just for that I'll take you in. A night in the jug will put the soft pedal on that mouth of yours." With that, the bluecoat seized Sheeny Joe, and there we were, one in each of his hands.

Apple Cheek, the cause of the war, stood weeping not a yard away; perhaps she was thinking, if her confusion allowed her thought, of the savageries of this new land to which she was come. Apple Cheek might have taken herself from out the hubbub by merely merging with the crowd; I think she had the coolness to do this, but was too loyal. She owned the spirit, as it stood, to come forward when I would not say a word, to tell the officer the story. Apple Cheek was encouraged to this steadiness by the reputable old gentleman.

Before, however, Apple Cheek could win to the end of the first sentence, a burly figure of a man, red of face and broad as a door across the shoulders, pushed his way through the crowd.

"What is it?" he asked, coming in front of the officer. "Turn that man loose," he continued, pointing a mandatory finger to Sheeny Joe.

"These two coves are under arrest," said the officer, shaking Sheeny Joe and myself like rugs by way of identification.

"I know," said the other, in his low, cool tone. "All the same, you turn this one loose."

The officer still hesitated, with a look of half defiance. With that the red-faced man lost patience.

"Take your hands off him, I tell you!" cried the red-faced man, a glint of anger showing in his small gray eyes. "Do you know me? I'm Big Kennedy. Did you never hear of Big Kennedy of Tammany Hall? You do what I say, or I'll have you out with the goats before to-morrow night."

With that, he of the red face took Sheeny Joe from between the officer's fingers; nor did the latter seek to detain him. The frown of authority left his brow, and his whole face became overcast with a look of surly submission.

"You should have said so at the jump," remarked the officer sullenly. "How was I to know who you were?"

"Officer," broke in the reputable old gentleman, who was purple to the point apoplectic; "officer, do you mean to tell me you will take your orders from that man?"

"Come, my old codger," interrupted the red-faced one loftily, "stow that. You had better sherry for Fift' Avenue, where you belong. If you don't, the gang down here may get tired, d'ye see, an' put you in the river." Then to the officer: "Take the kid in; I'll look him over later."

"An' the girl!" screamed Sheeny Joe. "I want her lagged, too."

"An' the girl, too, officer," commanded the red-faced one. "Take her along with the kid."

Thus was the procession made up; the officer led Apple Cheek and myself to the station, with Sheeny Joe, still bleeding, and the red-faced man to be his backer, bringing up the rear.

The reputable old gentleman came also and tried to interfere in behalf of Apple Cheek and myself. At a sign from the red-faced man, who stood leaning on the captain's desk with all the confidence of life, that potentate gave his sharp command.

"Screw out!" cried he to the reputable old gentleman. "We don't want any of your talk!" Then to an officer in the station: "Put him out!"

"I'm a taxpayer!" shouted the reputable old gentleman furiously.

"You'll pay a fine," responded the captain with a laugh, "if you kick up a row 'round my station. Now screw out, or I'll put you the wrong side of a grate."

The reputable old gentleman was thrust into the street with about as much ceremony as might attend the delivery of a bale of goods at one's door. He disappeared, declaring he would have justice, at which a smile widened the faces of the sophisticated officers.

"He'll have justice!" repeated the captain with a chuckle. "Say! he ought to put that in the Joe Miller Joke Book." Then to the red-faced man who still leaned against the desk, the image of autocracy: "What is it to be, Mr. Kennedy?"

"Why," quoth the red-faced one, "you must lock this boy up. Yes, an' the girl, too; she had better go in for the night. I'll take a look into the business an' let the judge know in the mornin'."

"I don't think, captain," interposed the officer who brought us from the docks, "there's any use locking up these people. It was nothin' but a cheap muss on the pier."

"Say! I don't stand that!" broke in Sheeny Joe. "This party smashed me with a bar of iron. The girl was in the play; an' I says they're both to go in."

"You 'says,'" mocked the captain, in high scorn. "An' who be you?"

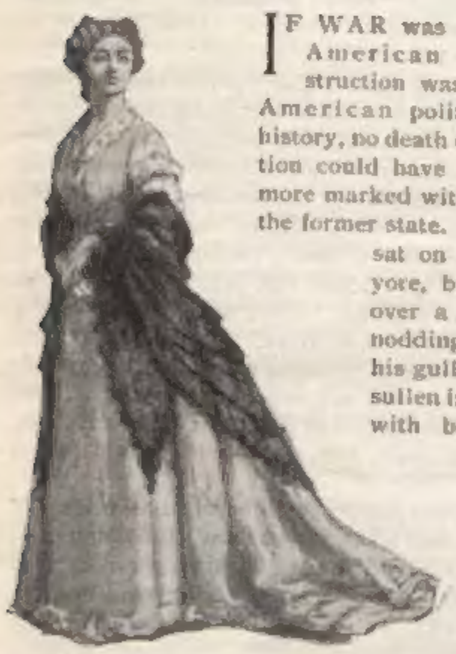
"He's one of my people," said the red-faced man, still coolly by the desk.

"No more out of you!" snarled the captain to the kindly officer, as the latter again tried to speak; "you get back to your beat!"

"An' say!" cried the red-faced man, slowly rousing from his position by the desk; "before you go, let me give you a word. You're a sight too gabby; you had better think more and say less, or you won't last long enough as a copper to wear out that new uniform. An' if anybody asks, tell him it was Big Kennedy that told you."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AFTER THE WAR



The Old Planter in Reconstruction Days

By OPIE READ

IF WAR was the chivalry of American manhood, Reconstruction was the dark age of American politics. In remote history, no death of king, no revolution could have brought a change more marked with differences from the former state. The old planter sat on his veranda as of yore, but he looked not out over a monarchy of cotton nodding its plumes. He saw his gullied fields bush-grown, sullen in moody ruin, sarcastic with brier and with thorn antagonistic. By war's followers his walnut grove had been cut down, made into furniture for the rich of foreign lands or wastefully turned into a stockade to protect the cheap pine of a railroad bridge. War digs as well as marches; Cæsar's Tenth Legion had shovels, and the spade had turned the channel of the river so that now between the house and the steamboat landing there was a waste of sand. But over all this desolation a bird sang—the soaring lark of the planter's humor. This was an inheritance that nothing could blast. Over it the briers might grow, but on the briers there were flowers. "Why do you laugh?" some one inquired of him. "To keep from weeping," was his answer.

The capper of his joke was the Freedman's Bureau. The negro, remembering the stripes inflicted by the Northern overseer, now demanded politeness of the planter, and, failing to receive it, lodged a complaint. The Bureau master was perhaps a political soldier of fortune. The chances were that he never saw the front until it turned to come marching back. He wore the garb of the Nation, but he was in most instances the bawd of justice. He wanted money. And a few dollars were sometimes known to silence him even when the negro had cause to complain against the sudden fury of his former master. Looking back now, there arises a marvel that there was not more of the bloodshed of revenge. As a race the negro is not revengeful. Arrayed in his first store clothes of freedom, with the false goddess of his liberty, the ballot-box, before him—like the rest of us foolishly fond mortals, he revered the past, his youth. When left to himself, without the meddling and pernicious influence of the alien white, he joked with his old master and laughed over the time when they were boys together. Had it not been for the hasty ballot they would have always remained friends. But from the slave to the citizen was too exciting a transition. "We ain't gwine be buried no mo' in boxes w'n we dies," said an old negro, voicing the sentiment of his people. "We'se gwine be buried in deze yere Italic cases." And the planter laughed. It was a genuine negro estimate of his new degree. One old "Guinea nigger" who had just buried his wife thus proudly addressed a friend: "I tell yer dar wa'n't no 'oman better buried den she wuz. Dat coffin, made outen iron an' all slicked ober, cost me two bales o' cotton. I neber did 'joy myse'f so much at ary fune'l."

But not for long were the fields to remain bush-grown. For a time the negroes thought that freedom meant the privilege of living without work, but as soon as the Government began to withdraw its rations, the new citizen discovered that he had to work. He owned no land, and the white brother's promise of forty acres and a mule fell through; elections were not frequent enough to supply him with money. So he had to turn to the planter. The disfranchised land-owner employed the citizen. Politics had been the poetry of the old planter's life. The flowering vine of political contest had formed the wreath about the brows of his community's greatest men. And now the remembrance was not a vine but a patch of stinging nettles. In the wildest of his visions, unhealthful nightmares of the past, he might have seen the ultimate triumph of the abolitionist. The great Wesley, revered in the South, had watered the plant if he had not planted the seed; the eagle-screaming Clay had shrilled his notes of gradual emancipation. But what witch could have pictured the time when the white man should sit politically dumb and the negro shout his choice in the ballot-box?

It was an odd sight, an early election following the war. From town came a Carpetbagger with the names of officers and legislators to be elected. A follower of the army, one who had bought for almost nothing the hides of slaughtered steers, with never in his commercial nostrils a sniff of gunpowder, was to represent in the Legislature a county which he had never seen. And if there were in that county a hint of objection, like a flight of blackbirds down came the negro militia. On his veranda, now down at the corners and with shotten roof, the planter sat, watching the black horde profaning the sunlight with the gleam of their unlawful bayonets, marching to coerce the owner of a kingdom, whose fibrous product had set humming the spindles of Manchester. He looked toward the deer horns which were in the gone time wont to hold his gun above the door. But the gun was not there. Some negro boy had it, hunting rabbits in the fields. In the van he saw a lusty buck, old Hannah's child, she who used to sing while she baked her ginger cakes and glazed them resplendent with the white of an egg. Ah, but the rascal still had within him a moiety of respect, for lifting his soldier cap he murmured, "Marster." To the old man's eye this brought a tear. Softly as of yore came the evening's shade, when steamboats had been used to blow their deep-toned notes, but now there was the negro militia's bugle-call far down the desolated road. The result of the election was announced before the returns were in. The hide-and-tallow man was elected, and resignedly he began to prepare himself to represent the sovereign people—began to roll up his sleeve to thrust his arm up to the elbow into the treasury. How faithful he was to his "trust"! How zealous for reconstruction and how patriotically crushed when Grant, learning the truth, commanded him to sneak back into his native obscurity.

But the steamboat came and off stepped the man with the mortgage. He was from New Orleans, as had come his predecessor, but in his walk there was a dangerous briskness; his pockets were too bulging with papers and his talk was too quick and "unsouthern." He was met cordially and invited to a seat upon the veranda, the old-time throne of observation. He spoke of being somewhat in a hurry.

"Why, don't be snatched," said the planter. How many times had he said that. Years and years before, there came to his house a distant relative of his wife's forty-fifth cousin. He had come for a short visit, remained two years, and when finally he prepared to take his leave, the old planter, in the surprise of most genial courtesy, cried out: "Why, don't be snatched!" The considerate relative said that he didn't believe he would—and he remained another year. But this business man was of another sinew. He was corded up till his strings twanged. "I've got to take the first boat," he said.

"What, so soon?"

"I'm in something of a hurry, and I must call at several other plantations before returning. I suppose you know that the old firm has changed hands—the firm holding your mortgage."

"Well, yes; I received a letter to that effect. Didn't answer it—had something else on my mind at the time. Tell 'em I'll drop in and make their acquaintance when I come down. May be down some time next fall."

"Yes, but they want their money and I have come after it."

"Oh, money. Yes. And now, sir, do you know that it would give me great pleasure to help 'em out? It would, sir, for a fact. What's the news down your way?"

The visitor was looking over a paper. "I have here the amount you owe the firm, amounting to——"

"Yes. But you don't mean to say they have kept track of all that nonsense? Why, that old firm and I were the best of friends, and now I want to ask you what right has this new firm to come in and stir up trouble? Haven't we had enough trouble? Want your money! Are you a firm of Yankees, sir?"

"We are a firm of business men, and unless you settle with us at once we shall be compelled to sell your land."

A sad voice from the inside announced that supper was ready. "Won't you come in and eat a bite with us?" the planter kindly inquired, hoping that he might touch the heart of his enemy.

"No. I haven't time. When may we expect a settlement?"

"Expect a settlement. Those are harsh words, sir—harsh words to employ against a man in his own house. Give me time."

"You have had ample time, Colonel."

"Sir, I don't know what you mean by ample time." His humor came back to him. "You shall have satisfaction of your debt, sir. Gather up a passle of them niggers out there and sell 'em."

"Colonel, this is no time to joke. We want a settlement and will force one."

For a moment the old man looked at him, with the glow of humor dying in his eyes. "You will find my son out there somewhere. Talk to him."

Already the young fellow had begun to catch at new ideas. Strong, with an enthusiasm of the present livelier than the memory of a dead day that was sweet, he entered into arrangements to pay off the notes as fast as possible, and he kept his word—a soldier fighting for his honor, the true reconstructionist of the South, the man who is now building cotton factories in Georgia and Arkansas, who sees a glow, not of an ancient sunset, but of the fires of the furnaces at Birmingham. In England, whither he went on business, they called him a Yankee, and he smiled. His old father would have fought.

Privilege dies hard. To the old planter there was yet no solace to be drawn from a mused memory of the past. The past was to close. Regret could not by lapse of time be mellowed fondness, to be talked over endearingly. That which was to be a trophied scar was still a tender wound. Humor, humor—the American philosophy—was the only salve. The old corn-shucking song, "Jurangy ho, jes er talkin' like er doan kere," was supplanted with the Northerner's tuneful sarcasm, "Say, darkees, hab you seed ol' massa wid de mufstach on his face?" The black, cotton-shirted toddlers, digging in the sand, chanted the tune of freedom. The old grandfather, housed all winter with rheumatism, hobbling out with the coming of spring, sat on a bench in the sunlight, was asked by a passer-by how he enjoyed his freedom. "I likes it fust rate, sah, an' I reckon I gwine git use ter it, but at de present ercasion I wush it didn' draw deze yere legs up so." Sad conception of liberty. They thought that not to be a slave was emancipation from all ills. The old planter could have told them better.

Marvelous it was that the sun continued to be so bright. Were the heavens mocking the blasted earth? And the birds were singing; in the dusk of evening the whippoorwill called, and the brown quail, on the fence beneath the sassafras bush, "bob-whited" his ancient lay. The old man had loved nature. For him she had spread her poetry, her madrigals. But now she was shrieking a philippic to his distress. The hands of the clock went round, but how different was the time. The minutes fell dead in the midnight hour, when awake the old man lay on his bed, made hard by tender reminiscence, the air stealing from the sweet wilds of nature weighing heavy upon his breast. The joints of the moulding house gave forth sharp sounds, like an ancient story-teller cracking his knuckles. Day was to come and the sun was to arise; the morning-glory was to bloom, clinging fondly to the old veranda, and the defiant hollyhock was to stand up straight near the kitchen door, but what hope was to be borne upon the rays of light? None. The planter could not vote, and a voteless white man was like a tailless peacock, a sore reproach unto himself. But with the day there came something to provoke a smile—a negro practicing the courtesy of his freedom "to his shadow in the road."

The negro lawyer arose. His first requisite was a library, books of all sorts, Webster's old blue back, Jay's Family Prayers, seed catalogues—and the advocate who brought before the justice the largest armful of books was entitled to the decision. Of course the justice was a negro. There was one who may live in history. He had been the "property" of the old planter. In compliment to his intensity of blackness he was called Crow Sam. When put up for election, he was asked by the "committee man" as to the size of the majority he desired. He replied that he should like to have at least five hundred. He thought that his services to his country, and especially his long continuance of servitude, entitled him to that recompense. He had been a blacksmith, and the "committee man" said to him: "Yes, that's all right; but you put a tire on the wheel of my carriage and I'll make your majority fifteen hundred." It was agreed to, and Crow Sam became a judge by fifteen hundred majority. There was no one opposed to him, but that made the majority all the surer. The first thing he did after taking his seat was to reverse a decision of the Supreme Court. A white lawyer who had swallowed the "abnegation" oath and who, therefore, was entitled to a voice at the bar, arose and protested. "Your honor," said he, "you can't do that."

"Cain' do whut?"

"Reverse a decision of the Supreme Court."

"Wall, now, jest you wait. How much 'jority did de S'preme Cou't hab? Answer me dat p'int. De generman fluctuates. We will now proceed wid de case."

Before this justice the old planter was arraigned. The whole South laughed about it at the time—not at the humiliation of being drawn up before a former slave, but at the outcome. About the time that Sam put on his first air of freedom he did something to insult the planter, and was knocked down with a handspike. The "Bureau" fine was paid and Sam, as he turned to go out, not satisfied with the punishment, remarked to his former master: "Neber min', I'll git you myse'f one deze days." And his time came. The planter's offense, in the eye of the "colored" law, was most wanton. With a buggy whip he had lashed an insulting darky. When the warrant of arrest was sworn out before Crow Sam, the old fellow laughed till he shook the clapboard shanty. His revenge was to hold a festival. By force, and roughly handled, the planter was brought into court. Sam, who could not write his name, was busily scratching on paper. He looked up, fixed his glasses and remarked:

"'Pear ter me like I'se seed you befo', sah."

The planter screwed down the lid of his resentment and his anger bubbled low. The justice continued: "I kin reach back inter de past an' fetch you out, but yo' label dun wore off an' I'll hatter ax yo' name."

"Do your worst, you old scoundrel!" the planter exclaimed.

"De generman mighty fermiliar wid de law ter talk datter way. Whar do you 'side, sah?"

The white lawyer advised the planter to be temperate, and so he answered:

"About two miles from here, on the Campbell's Bend road."

"Been libin' in dat 'munity long, sah?"

"I was born there."

"In de fust or second quarter or de dark o' de moon—which one?"

"Is this a means of torture you have devised, you black scoundrel!" The lawyer whispered and the old man bowed his humiliated head.

"You'se gittin' mo' an' mo' fermiliar wid de law, sah. Bime-by I 'low you kin practice it; an' wheneber you does, dis yere cou't hereby speaks fo' yo' pat'onage. But fust, we will dispose o' de case in han'. Let us yere de 'plaint."

It was then set forth that Abner Steele called the planter a liar, and that in his fury the old man fell upon him and out of his black hide cut streams of blood. The justice looked grave. "It's er mighty serious thing, sah, ter shed de free blood o' dis yere country. Yistidy I sentenced er man ter de penertenchy an' ter-morrer I gwine sentence one ter be hung, so whut you think I oughter do wid you?"

"What you please, you imp of the devil!"

"Wush I could talk like dis white pusson. He could stan' up dar an' make er rithmetic ershamed o' itse'f. I neber wux so flattered in my life. Did you eber yere er song erbout marster bein' in de col', col' groun'? Mebby befo' mornin' some o' deze niggers will be er singin' it. I wux jest er thinkin' how times had changed. I neber did see de like. Did you? Wall, sah, one time er white man dat I berlonged ter knocked me down wid er han'spike, an' ez I lay dar on de groun' I didn' think I eber would be er jedge. Man has been tryin' all his life ter fin' out but you neber kin tell whut's gwine ter happen. But come, now, Mars Bob. Doan look black at me. Dis yere Abner is ez big er scoundul ez I uster be, an' we'll discharge you, fling de State in de cos' an' put dis rascal Abner at work on de levee. Did you think I gwine hurt you? Bless yo' ol' life, you ought ter knocked me down dat time—yas, sah, caze I wux bad. Ricolleck w'en we wux boys we uster sein de creek wid our straw hats? You'se sorter fadin' erway frum me. Would you please, sah, min' gibin' me yo' han'?"

The old planter thrust forth his hand. "God bless your black hide," he said.

And the country laughed, but it was not a gleeful laugh, for soft and mellow, there were tears in it.

One day a new hope was born. The shackles made of bayonets fell off and the white man could vote. It was the second emancipation. The rebel soldier, now a plow-hand, took off his hat to the old flag. Almost within the time of one day a change was marked. The foxhound horn was heard in the moonlight. The flowers seemed to have bloomed afresh. And down the road, in the noontime sun, came riding a man who had fought with Old Stonewall, announcing himself as a candidate for Congress. At the planter's house he halted. "Bob," he called, "I want to go to Congress. I think we ought to forgive. Don't you?"

"Yes, when we want office."

But the struggle was not over. The Carpetbagger owned the negro. There was to be another war along the shores of the Arkansas. And it came out of a peculiar tangle. For Governor, Brooks was supported by the Democrats, and was, the returns declared, defeated by Baxter, the choice of the Republicans. Baxter was seated, but not long after taking his seat it was discovered that he was a Democrat in disguise. In the meantime the Republicans had fallen in love with Brooks, whom they had opposed. They said that he should be seated, and he was, by force of arms. The war-drum beat on the plain. The negro and the white man, unhitching their plow-horses, galloped to arms, one opposing the other. The two armies marched to the Capital of the State. Up and down a street, keeping them apart, was a troop of United States regulars.

But at night there were fierce skirmishes, and when the morning dawned dead men lay in the streets. In Washington there were two committees, one from each side, pleading with Grant. The Democrats had small hope. They said that the President was a partisan. The Republicans held the State House in Little Rock and were gleeful. They were waiting for the decision. It came, at night. Their bonfires had been lighted. Off in the semi-darkness gleamed the bayonets of the regulars. Farther away were the saddened ranks of the Democrats. Through the streets came a horseman, holding aloft a telegram. The Brooks men cheered his coming. The commander read the message. He put his hand to his head. He turned and looked toward the grim old State House. His officers crowded about him. "Put out your fires," he said. "Make your peace with the enemy. Grant has decided in their favor."

It was then that the Arkansas River planter became a broad American. His old house was repaired. Again he began to read the newspapers to see what the world was doing. He was "reconstructed," not by force of arms but with a word, spoken by the silent man at Washington.

Editor's Note—This is the second in a series of papers by Mr. Read. The next will appear in an early number.

Absent-Minded Great Men

By WILLIAM MATHEWS

HE WAS PERFECTLY CONSCIOUS OF WHAT HE INTENDED TO DO

WHAT is absence of mind? The words, as generally used, have a vague and relative rather than an absolute meaning. La Fontaine is generally spoken of as one of the most absent-minded of men, and it is stated, as an illustration of this, that a few days after attending the funeral of a friend he called at his house and asked if he were in. He was shocked on being told of his friend's death, but presently, recovering from his surprise, exclaimed: "True! true! I recollect now; I attended his funeral." Again, it is told of Dante that he once went to a bookseller's shop to witness the passing of a great procession. Taking up a book, he speedily became absorbed in its contents; and when at last he turned away from its pages to see the show it was too late. The pageant, with its blare of trumpets and waving of banners, had swept by unseen and unheard by the poet. Both these cases seem instances of temporary forgetfulness merely.

Even the philosopher mentioned by Plato, who had his mind fixed so intently upon the stars that in walking the earth he fell into a well, was only half absent-minded. His mind was in his eyes, though it was not regardful of his feet. Both these cases are very different from that of the man who is said to have boiled his watch in the saucepan while he gravely held the egg in his hand. Even of the latter it may be said that he was perfectly conscious of what he intended to do, though he substituted his watch for his egg and his egg for his watch. It is noticeable that it is not usually dull, thick-headed people that are apt to be absent-minded, but men of unusual intellectual power and activity, such as philosophers, poets, inventors, and men engaged in enterprises and schemes "of great pith and moment." It has been well observed that the two graveyard clowns in Shakespeare's play could not have been so absent-minded as the thoughtful and philosophic Hamlet.

Some Stories of Newton

THE great thinker who overtopped all the other men of ancient or modern times—the discoverer of gravitation, Newton—we should expect to find a very absent-minded man; and such he was. When he had friends to entertain he would sometimes go into his study to get a bottle of wine and straightway forget them. His friend Doctor Stukely called one day to see him, and Newton sent word that he would see him directly, but thought no more of the matter. The doctor, who had come a long distance, waited for some time and became very hungry. Seeing a fine roasted fowl on the table in the room into which he had been shown—which had been placed there for the philosopher's dinner—the doctor was unable to resist the clamorous craving of his appetite and attacked the fowl with such vigor that when, at last, the great man appeared, there was not a morsel left. "I protest," said Newton, seeing the empty platter, "I had forgotten that I had eaten my dinner. You see, doctor, how oblivious we philosophers are!"

Once, when Newton was going home to Cottersworth from Grantham, he led his horse up the steep Spittlegate hill; but when he turned to remount the horse was not to be seen. Taking advantage of his master's reverie, the sagacious animal had slipped the bridle and gone off without his knowledge, leaving the bridle in his hands. On another occasion Newton used a lady's finger as a tobacco-stopper.

More abstracted even than Newton was Dr. Robert Hamilton, one of the profoundest philosophical thinkers of his day. One of his most notable works was an essay on the National Debt, which is said to have fallen like a bombshell upon the British Parliament, or rather to have risen and illuminated its darkness like an orient sun. Yet in public, it is said, the man was a shadow. He once pulled off his hat to his own wife in the streets and apologized for not having the pleasure of her acquaintance. He met his classes in college on a dark morning with one of his wife's white stockings on one leg and one of his own black ones on the other. He would run against a cow in the road, turn round, and say: "I beg your pardon, madam; I hope you are not hurt." At another time he would run against a post, and chide it for not getting out of his way. Yet in spite of these eccentricities, we are told that his conversation was wonderfully fine—"perfect logic and perfect music."

It is said that M. Thomas, a French writer and a profound thinker, would sit for hours against a hedge and take, while brooding over some subject, "the same pinch of snuff for hours together," unaware that it had long disappeared. His absence was akin to that of the man who shaved himself before the place where his glass had hung, not noticing that it had been removed.

Everybody is familiar with the stories told of Archimedes, the great geometer of Syracuse, who, discovering the solution of an important problem while in a bathtub, was in such an ecstasy of delight that he ran naked into the street, crying: "Eureka!" ("I have found it!"), and who, at the capture of Syracuse, was so absorbed in a geometrical problem that when a soldier was about to kill him he simply exclaimed: "Don't disturb my circles!"

Vieta, the great French mathematician of the sixteenth century, who in the war of France with Spain explained to the Government intercepted dispatches of the enemy, written in five hundred characters, was perhaps the king of abstracted men. At times he was so lost in meditation that he was utterly unconscious of what was going on around him, and for hours seemed more like a dead man than a living.

Who that is familiar with French literature has not read La Bruyère's graphic sketch of "The Absent Man"? The original of his picture was the Count de Brancas, of whom the following story is told: One day he was reading by his fireside, when the nurse brought to him his infant child, which he took in his arms and began playing with it. Suddenly an important visitor was announced, and, forgetting that he had exchanged his book for the child, the Count hastily threw the infant on the library table and advanced to receive his guest, when the cries of the child informed him of his *faux pas*. One day, when walking in the street, he said to the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, who had hurried up to speak to him, "God can help you, my poor man!" When Rochefoucauld was about to speak, the count interrupted him impatiently with—"I told you I had nothing for you. There is no use in your teasing me. Why don't you get some work?"

The Man who Forgot to be Married

ONE smiles when he is told of the absent-minded man who, conscious of his infirmity, wrote in his note-book—"Mem.—to be married next Wednesday"; yet the great Buddaus, theologian, historian, luminous and voluminous author and university professor, actually forgot his appointed wedding-day, and, when sought for, was buried deep in the Commentary he was writing. A similar forgetfulness was once manifested by Serjeant G. Hill, a celebrated English barrister and real-property lawyer in the time of Lord Mansfield—the last barrister who united the functions of the conveyancer with those of the advocate. On the morning of the day set for his marriage to Miss Medlycott, of Cottingham, a great heiress, he went down to his law-chambers as usual, and became so engrossed in business as entirely to forget his wedding appointment. The bride waited for him so long that it was feared the canonical hour would elapse before his arrival, and a messenger was sent to hurry him to the church.

Though possessing neither eloquence nor humor, he won attention to his long arguments by his profound learning and immense "case-knowledge." Standing up in court for hours as stiff and immovable as a statue, with his eyes fixed on vacancy and so wrapped up in his argument, while advocating his client's cause, as to be insensible to everything else, he acquired the sobriquet of "Serjeant Labyrinth." Once, when he was arguing a very abstruse point of black letter, a barrister near him whispered: "Your breeches are unbuttoned." Thinking it a hint connected with the cause, the sergeant adopted it at once, and without changing the tone of his voice exclaimed, to the amazement of his hearers: "My Lords, the plaintiff's breeches were unbuttoned."

There are persons who will use their hands in fits of abstraction without the slightest consciousness of the act. Richard Brinsley Sheridan one day during a conversation with his sister took up a pair of ruffles which she had worked with much pains for a gift to her mother, and with a pair of sciasors, which had lain upon the table, gave them a snip for every word, till the chat and the ruffles were finished together. Hogarth was so absorbed by the designs which engaged his pencil that he was heedless of everything else. In these reveries he was exceedingly fidgety, and sometimes in the middle of dinner he would rise up and, twirling his chair round, would sit for a while with his back to the table, and presently twirl the chair back.

One of the most absent-minded men that ever lived was the father of Coleridge, the poet and metaphysician, of whose freaks and eccentricities the son used to tell till the tears ran down his cheeks. Having once to go from home for some days, the old gentleman was helped in his preparations by his wife, who packed his portmanteau with a shirt for each day, charging him to be sure to use them. Seeing no shirts in the portmanteau after his return, she sought for the cause, and found, on inquiry, that he had strictly obeyed her injunction and had put on a shirt every day, but had never taken one off. There were all the shirts, not in the portmanteau, but on his own back!

A similar trick of abstraction was one performed by a college professor whom we knew—a mathematician and astronomer—who, living in a college building, would lock the door of his room, on going out, although his wife was in it. Sydney Smith was not a recluse or given to reverie; yet he once rapped at the door of a friend's house, and discovered, with confusion, that he had actually forgotten his own name—and that name was Smith!

A thinker so profound as Jonathan Edwards must, of course, have had many moods of abstraction and absent-mindedness. For the sake of the exercise, he used to drive his cows to pasture. As he was going for them one day, a boy opened the gate with a respectful bow. Edwards acknowledged the courtesy and asked the boy who he was. "Noah Clark's boy," was the reply. Shortly afterward, on the theologian's return, the same boy was on hand and opened the gate for him again. "Whose boy are you?" Edwards again asked. "The same man's boy I was a quarter of an hour ago, sir," was the reply.

When Lessing Found Himself Out

THE famous author of Laocoön and Nathan the Wise was subject in his latter days to extraordinary fits of abstraction. On his return home one evening, his servant, on hearing his knocks at the door, looked out of the window to see who was there. Not recognizing his master in the dark and mistaking him for a stranger, he called out: "The professor is not at home." "Oh, very well," replied Lessing; "no matter, I'll call at another time."

All great scholars and bookish men, unless they are compelled to mingle much worldly business with their studies, are almost sure to be absent-minded. One hardly needs to be told that such a *helluo librorum* as Macaulay was often absent-minded. When he strode through the streets of the British metropolis he was usually so absorbed in thought that his lips moved and muttered unconsciously, and he heeded no one that he passed, though many persons gazed curiously at him and stopped to stare when he had gone by. He used to carry an umbrella, which he swung and flourished and battered on the pavement with mighty thumps. Once, when dining alone in the Trafalgar Inn at Greenwich, the attention of other guests was attracted by his peculiar muttering and fidgetiness and by the mute gestures with which he ever and anon illustrated his mental dreamings. Suddenly he seized a massive decanter, held it for a moment in the air, and then dashed it down upon the table with such violence that the solid crystal flew about in fragments. Calling loudly for his bill, which he paid, he snatched up his hat and umbrella and stalked away as if nothing unusual had happened.

An Interposing Providence

This Time the Babes in the Wood Turn and Rend the Hard-Hearted Uncle

By Arthur E. McFarlane

THAT summer some fifteen or a score of the youth and beauty of the Steel City Fishing Club abandoned their elders of the cottages, and, gathering to themselves chaperons and camp-kits, paddled north into Upper Pickerel Lake. There on Luna Island and the "Hen-and-Chickens" did their marquees go up; and the "old stag four" who camped hard by the Tarpeian Rock marked those gleaming diamonds of invading canvas with a most plentiful lack of enthusiasm.

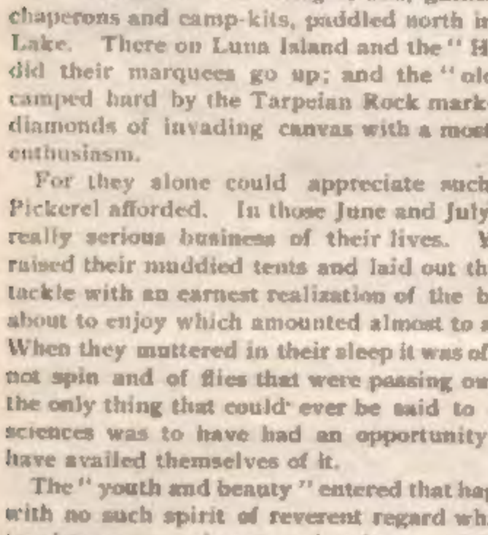
For they alone could appreciate such sport as Upper Pickerel afforded. In those June and July weeks centred the really serious business of their lives. Year by year they raised their muddied tents and laid out their water-bleached tackle with an earnest realization of the blessings they were about to enjoy which amounted almost to an opening prayer. When they muttered in their sleep it was of spoons that would not spin and of flies that were passing out of season. And the only thing that could ever be said to oppress their consciences was to have had an opportunity to fish and not to have availed themselves of it.

The "youth and beauty" entered that happy fishing-ground with no such spirit of reverent regard whatever. They ran to picturesque raiment and guitars and birch-bark albums and huge pyramided bonfires on the beach at night. They would cruise the entire length of the lake with their trolling-lines lying in the bottom of their "bat-wings!" They would anchor and *tête-à-tête* for hours over the best black-bass water around the Islands! And when, by pure chance, they did catch anything of size, their shoutings filled the hollow shores with reverberant wonder and contempt.

"But, at any rate," said the Colonel, and he gazed sourly out over the hundred little bays and channels and cedared archipelagoes, "we can at least avoid tangling ourselves up with them."

Alas, it was the Colonel himself who got tangled, and there was a dynamic interest in that entanglement which was like to have burst in twain the Tarpeian Rock itself!

For that same evening he was pulling homeward through the "Kettles," when he became aware of a couple standing on the low granite nose of the island just ahead of him. And they were plainly in violent altercation. Indeed, at the next moment the young man turned with a face of most unlover-like fury and, jumping into the boat which rocked at their feet, rowed outrageously away! As for the girl, she dropped back upon the rock, her whole being—from white duck skirt to red woolen tam-o'-shanter—shaking in one tremor and convulsion of woe.



The Colonel's horror of scenes was exceeded only by his fear of feminine tears. But, so far as he could see, the damsel had been marooned! . . . Of course, in a very few moments the youth must repent of his temper and come back again. And besides—the Colonel also told himself—it was none of *his* affair anyway; if he had wisdom he would go ahead to camp. But by the end of the next ten minutes the youth had *not* come back and the Colonel was still hanging about, half out of sight in the offing. And at last he pulled on up to the girl, his sunburned jaws taking on a still deeper fire: "Your—your boat seems to have got away from you," he said; "couldn't I take you home in mine?"

She tried to answer—probably in the negative—but the utterance was choked, and she finished by letting him help her in.

Neither said anything until they were half-way across. Then, swallowing a last unconquered sob, she lifted her head. "I've—I've no doubt you saw it all?"

"Why, no—no, believe me—at least not——" he stuttered painfully.

"Yes, you did. I know you did! I—I don't see how he could go and—and make me make such a perfect exhibition of myself!"

After that, it was for the Colonel to do what he could to comfort and console her. It was something which verily he had no skill in, and his hopeless stammerings were punctuated by apologies for having intruded upon her affairs at all. But her state was that in which any kind of sympathy, however halting, is entirely sweet.

She told him, very pitifully, that it was awfully good of him to speak so—and would he land her at the back of Luna—where they couldn't see her from the tents; and she could feel at least that she had found a friend—and—and she only wished she could have told him more about it. She knew she could trust him fully!

He landed her at the back of Luna. And, as she started over the huckleberry rocks, in spite of himself he smiled with an inward and seductive gratulation; and he smiled again and again. For vastly more flattering than any imitation is a proffer of feminine confidence! Yet, while the red tam-o'-shanter was still in sight, he peered nervously up and down the channel, and he got away from Luna with a rapidity which amounted almost to flight.

And next morning he fled still further from the situation. If night brings up the mushrooms of Nature, it also sends back into the ground many mushrooms of the mind. The Colonel now saw the part he might almost have found himself playing as wholly out of the question, untenably absurd, absolutely impossible! Of course, if he could be of any actual assistance to the young lady who had suddenly shown such trust in him, he would not flinch from the duty. If she were a *niece* of his, now, and wished to confide in him, he would listen to her and help her to the best of his ability. Nor could that give the others—the Judge and Vanderdecken and the Doctor—any handle for jeering and ridicule. He would go so far as to say, too, that she would be a niece of whom any one might well be proud. But—but——

But, in short, there had once more closed about him that shyness of age which is so much more stiffly barklike than any shyness of childhood. And when, after breakfast, he put his rod into his twelve-footer and pushed it off, it was in a direction well away from Luna and the "Kettles," and from all the trouble they might have insidiously in brew.

He had his reward, too; for his course brought him over the deep obsidian-green of a new bassweed bed. Before the end of the first half-hour he had got in three whoppers. And he had just lost a fourth, when he became sub-conscious that something bright-colored was hovering somewhere beyond him. He looked around. It was the red tam-o'-shanter!

Its wearer sent him a faltering beam of watery sunshine. And—because he did not feel compelled to act like a brute *altogether*—he smiled back at her.

She thrust in her blade and brought her Peterboro hesitatingly over to him. "He—he went away up to Charbonneau Falls last night with that party, and he says he isn't going to come back for nearly—nearly three weeks!"

"Oh, *surely*, now? You'll find he won't do *that!*"

"Yes, but he will! He was angrier than ever when he came back yesterday and found that somebody else had taken me off! And he's so firm! They're all men up at the Falls, though." Her little rabbit-nose began to twitch. "But he said he wouldn't write, either!"

The Colonel took off his old gray felt and rasped the bristles at the back of his neck. "Why, yes, he will," he maundered; "of course he will!" Where under heaven *had* his tongue got to, anyway!

Her baby-blue eyes were again spasmodically a-blink. "I don't care, though—anyway, not so *much*, after your saying what you did. And with you to talk to about it——"

Two hours afterward she was taking a fond and grateful leave of him, when stolidly pushing into their little strait came the Judge's skiff! And he was almost upon them, when he twisted about to correct his course. Aghast, he shied back like a very fat dray-horse. Then bringing his craft around, with all possible speed he fled.

But he did not retreat with any such speed as that with which the Colonel, swallowing like a half-drowned fish, gave chase to him. He had realized instantly that there was only one thing to do. He would tell the Judge all—everything—without reserve—without evasion!

He did. And the Judge received his story in a way that gave him an infinite relief. "Foxy Grandpa" was not jocose. He did not even smile.

"And I'm extremely glad to be able to speak to you about it," added the Colonel, wiping his brows; "even—though it may seem in a way like a violation of her confidence; for already I feel a certain—a certain lack of experience."

II

IT WAS thus that the red tam-o'-shanter, otherwise Miss Iris Croydon, obtained not only the full confiding privileges of an adopted uncle—as it were—but also the no less

HER WHOLE BEING SHAKING IN ONE TREMOR AND CONVULSION OF WOE

THE JUDGE

invaluable if unguessed services of a *foster-uncle* as well. And she was very soon making the fullest use of them.

In the first place, she had not told Colonel Horsford what she and Mr. Botter—Ignatius, his first name was—had quarreled about, and he must think that very distrustful of her. But she would force herself to tell him now.

"You see, it was just this way: I said I thought we hadn't been quite as frank with one another as we should be, and supposing we said right out if we'd ever really cared for any one before.

"Well, he said he thought we ought to, too. And then, without ever leading up to it, didn't he go and tell me about a Bar Harbor girl he'd once thought the very world of—and exchanged photos with her, and—and everything!

"Well, that made me so—so *angry!* But of course I didn't let him know. I just went to work and made up about a man I was once just *dying* in love with, and about my being out rowing with him in the moonlight and—and everything! And then what did he do but get perfectly boiling, and wouldn't give me time to take it back, even if I hadn't been a great deal too *proud* to—and said that if I was *that* kind of girl he'd—he'd——"

In fact, Mr. Botter's temper was *always* just that uncertain! Now, she had an aunt who had been married three times, and she had always said: Study their dispositions, study their dispositions! And she had done her best to study Mr. Botter's disposition. Indeed, she had sometimes done things just to test it—although, of course, she had always been as *careful* not to do anything to arouse him! But sometimes, without the least spark of warning or reason, he would go and burst right out!

Of course that showed that he had a great deal of feeling—she had told the Colonel before what a strong character he was. But mightn't it mean, too, that he was so strong that he would soon use a thing up, so to speak, and get tired of it? What did *he* think his disposition really was? He was a man himself and could understand things about another man that she could not. And if he knew how much she felt just like leaving everything in his hands——!

It was a trust which filled the Colonel with a soft and tender glow. And that night the Judge was allowed vicariously to share it. But that was not answering Miss Iris' questions. Their new honors clothed the two elderly Tarpeianers as with a garment; but, almost at a step, they realized that it was a garment fabricated as from extremely burry flannel. There was an irritating elusiveness about those questions which completely baffled the hand of logic.

THE COLONEL

"As far as *I* can make out," said the Colonel, getting hopelessly to his feet from his end of their up-shore log, "we might just as well decide these particular points by the toss of the penny."

"One would have thought," said the Judge, after an even greater mental strain, "that in all these centuries such things would have been codified! But there's one phase of it that's clear: the man's an unmitigable cub!"

"A *cheese*, as Vanderdecken would say! But, since he's away and has no opportunity of defending himself——"

"Ignatius Botter! It's not a name—it's an epithet!"

But they had not yet offered any satisfying explanation of the bearer of the epithet's peculiar disposition. The Colonel might say again that he could not knife the man in his back, and the Judge might again, after an interval, agree with him. But, consciously or unconsciously, all their discussions and all the various opinions they handed down in the course of the next ten days bore in one and the same direction.

III

FROM the first they had both tacitly recognized the unwisdom of letting the other two Tarpeianers into an affair of such delicacy, even could they have done so honorably. It was a matter which called for that experience of life and ripeness of judgment which their fellow-campers were manifestly too young to possess.

But before long their evening absences began to be decidedly marked; and when, next Saturday night, they sat on that up-shore log with their heads in their hands till the moon went down, Vanderdecken received them on their return with a face of considerable weariness.

"See here, my respected friends," he said, "what's all this back-door mystery about, anyway? You two have been making the flimsiest kind of excuses to get together and conspire for pretty near a fortnight, now."

"Hitherto," added the Doctor, "most of the games in this camp have been four-handed. But we don't want to *crowd* in, you know."

Both conspirators turned a rich oxide. The Colonel looked helplessly at "Foxy Grandpa," and the latter evaded with a shameful pomposity. "Back-door mystery? Excuses? Games? Pooh, gentlemen, fiddlesticks! You're pleased to see what does not exist, or what amounts to nothing, absolutely nothing!"

That five minutes, however, left in them a certain sheepish shiftiness. But soon the growing intimacy of Miss Iris' confidences and the ever-doubling yoke of her affairs gave them little time for thought on any small extraneous considerations.

"She keeps repeating that he's such a good young man," said the Colonel, Monday night, as they walked wearily up and down the beach; "and in certain ways he *would* almost seem to be so, too! He has been telling her what he considered to be a man's duty toward his country and toward society, and all that kind of thing."

"Yes! Huh! huh! An old story! I know that breed! Mealy-mouths! Mamma's boys! Huh! Full of callow altruism, but when it comes actully to doing something in the world—worse than useless!"

"Yet on the other hand, though, she says she can't get him to go to church with her!"

"WHEN WERE YOU IN A CHURCH LAST"

The Judge thrust back his cap and made a pass with his palm. "'On the *other* hand?' 'On the *other* hand?' Why, that's simply *apiece* with it! It entirely confirms and corroborates our view of him! The man's amœboid—spineless—spiritually flabby—on a demand for real principle, without any of any sort! The neglect of the churches is one of the deplorable signs in the present generation. It evidences a knocking away of the props—a loosening of foundations! And you must make that unsparingly clear to her, Colonel, unsparingly clear! Such simple and direct feminine natures as hers are always intensely religious, and his irreligiousness would mean a constant misery!"

"I know," said the Colonel, afflictedly, "I know. That's been bothering me a lot. I suppose I really ought to give him the knife. But I leave it to you once more: Don't I also owe *some* duty to myself as a man of honor? . . . . Of course, there may be such a thing as one duty transcending another——"

"Of course! Of course! Nothing could be truer! Duty is not a simple matter. It's often a choice—too often a painful compromise! But I don't wish to seem to urge you."

The Colonel went into a gloomy rumination. "She certainly isn't worrying any longer. She talks of him now almost as if he were a character in a book!"

"Exactly! Precisely! Once he's away, her whole tendency is to throw him off."

But the Colonel slowly shook his head.

The Judge closed his lips tightly and gazed at him. But it was a matter for all patience, and perhaps he would be amenable to a syllogistic demonstration. "Look here," he said, with restraint, "will you grant that even on general lines it is a blessing when one of these affairs can be—be knocked?"

"Yes—yes, I'm not denying *that* at all. But——"

"And if you deliberately let one of them run along, and run along——"

"I know—I grant it! But I've got to consider it a little longer. You must give me more time. I can't act yet."

When, at sunset next day, the Colonel returned, he brought back a countenance of immeasurable easement.

"It's all right!" he said, "all right! It confused her a little at first. But after that—it was a talk I'll long remember!"

"What—what did she say? Did she promise to—to forget him?"

"Oh, no, not exactly—not in so many words! But"—the Judge was not the only one who understood the feminine psychology—"but women never *do* say these things in words. It's their nature to leave them to be taken for granted!"

The foster-uncle could not cavil. Indeed, he had already grasped his adopted brother's hand convulsively. "Well, well, Colonel, I can only say that you have been an interposing providence!"

THE DOCTOR

VANDER

"And *you*," responded the Colonel, "*you* have been another!" And with emotion he returned the grasp.

True, there might be some stray tendrils of those untaught girlish affections still twining about the contemptible Botter, and it might yet be their duty to untwine them. But what of that? The great matter had been decided, and now all else was trifling and insignificant.

It *had* been a heavy burden; but the reward of those who have borne such burdens is in that high uplifted buoyancy which comes when they are at last delivered of them with triumphant honor!

During the day which followed, Vanderdecken and the Doctor perceived in those elders a hidden elasticity, a secret elation, which to them was more mystifyingly enigmatical than all that had gone before.

"Well, you two are altogether too much for *me!*" said Vander; "but it's plain to see you've eaten the canary, and I only hope you won't be visited with any vain regrets!"

The Judge had been walking up and down with a great smiling. "I claim no part in it myself," he said, with lofty-minded dignity, "but the Colonel has in this last week done something which will stay with him when he has long forgotten all the fishing of this summer!"

IV

ONE peculiarity of Upper Pickerel was its rather remarkable acoustic properties. In its narrower reaches, such as the channel off the Tarpeian Rock, a conversation in a boat was not unlikely to be enjoyed by an audience on either shore.

Late that next afternoon the old stag four were sitting at supper behind the little clump of cedars which hid their table from the rudely curious, when there began to pierce their ears words which were pitched in the high keys of tearful protest and unappeasable indignation.

"I tell you, now, I don't *want* any more explanations! I can see well enough the way you've been acting for myself!"

"Oh, dearest, why *will* you be so headstrong—and so *unreasonable?*"

"I have told you what talking I shall do will be with *him!*"

"But didn't I tell you everything he said—not in my *letters*, but just as soon as ever you got back? And now, instead of seeing how *funny* it was—— You say *women* never can see a joke—but *you*—*you*——"

The Colonel knew that tender voice, stifled by those so piteous sobs, and his whole outer casing became a prickle of hot and cold.

Another minute and the raging young man flung in upon them. Under a kind of horrid hypnotism the two uncles rose to meet him. And his first glance told him beyond any question which was the man he sought.

"I want to know if your name is Horsford?"

"Yes, sir, yes—Horsford—that is my name."

"Well, my name is Botter, that's what my name is! And I want to ask you one question: Did you ever set eyes on me before?"

"No, sir, no—I can't say——"

"Or, except in the last three weeks, did you ever hear of me before?"

(Concluded on Page 16)

THE LADY NOGGS, PEERESS

By Edgar Jepson

The Lady Noggs Apologizes

"I'M AFRAID you've had a tiring evening, Mr. Borrodaile," said the Prime Minister with gentle commiseration, pausing at his bedroom door. "It was unfortunate that those dispatches came so late."

"Not at all, sir; not at all," protested his secretary.

"Well, we have disposed of them at any rate, which is always something gained," said the Prime Minister, passing his fingers comb-wise through his beard; and he sighed as if an infinite load of regret, for "Something accomplished, something done," weighed upon his scrupulous soul. "You must take a holiday to-morrow," he added. "Good-night."

"Thank you, sir; good-night," said his secretary, and went along the corridor to his bedroom.

The Prime Minister sighed again; opened his bedroom door; and switched on the electric light. He stopped to sigh again before shutting the door; and from his secretary's room, at the end of the corridor, there came a swish of falling water, a clattering crash, and a loud swear-word.

The Prime Minister rushed out of his bedroom, down the corridor to the scene of the crash, and found himself gazing over a broken water-jug at Mr. Borrodaile, who stood in the middle of his room, dripping from head to foot and rubbing viciously his sopping head, with a very rueful face.

"Whatever has happened?" cried the startled Prime Minister.

"Booby-trap," said his secretary curtly.

"Dear, dear; this is very distressing!" said the Prime Minister. "I'm afraid it must have been Lady Felicia."

"Little fiend!" muttered the secretary, rubbing still—a water-jug loaded with its proper element will raise a bump on the hardest head, and Mr. Borrodaile had the thin skull of a clever man.

"I'm very sorry," said the Prime Minister. "I will speak to her about it. I must really be very severe with her."

His secretary grinned through his rufulness, as if he pictured the scene and saw his chief engaged in the heroic effort. "Please don't trouble about it, sir," he said. "It really doesn't matter. But I should like to know," he added thoughtfully, "what I've done to offend her."

"But I shall trouble about it," said the Prime Minister firmly. "It is in the highest degree unreasonable that a little girl should take offense at the doings of her elders and play these tricks on them. I shall be very severe with her—very. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, thank you; no, thank you. It's really nothing at all. Merely a matter of having my clothes dried to-morrow. Please don't let me keep you up; you are tired out working at those dispatches."

"Well, if you're sure I can do nothing. But, believe me, I regret this occurrence very much. Good-night."

"Good-night, sir. Please don't let it trouble you."

But it did trouble the Prime Minister. It seemed to him hard that the German Emperor and the Lady Felicia Grandison should have seen fit to behave badly on the same evening, though, to his credit be it said, the bad behavior of the German Emperor, to which he was used, troubled him very much less than the bad behavior of the Lady Felicia, to which he was also used. He lay awake sighing and debating with very much less skill than he was wont to display in Parliament whether he had really done wisely in taking his dead sister's child to live with him, whether he was quite the man to superintend the upbringing of a young child. His theory of the subject was, he knew, excellent; but he found that practice so seldom squared with it. He fell from his troubled debate into no less troubled dreams, in which he dodged showers of water-jugs falling from a serene sky.

He dressed next morning in no little trepidation; for he had bound himself to speak severely to the Lady Felicia, and he was very doubtful how the Lady Felicia would take it. He realized with a sigh how much sooner he would have faced an infuriated House than his unrighteously indignant niece. He knew that she would be indignant, but he did not know what form her indignation would take.

He was relieved, therefore, to find that she was not yet in the breakfast-room when he came down; it gave him time to take his seat at the table and compose his features to the proper judicial sternness; and he began his breakfast. Presently he heard a scurrying of swift feet; the door burst open as though persuaded by a tornado; and the Lady Felicia entered, or rather tumbled into the room, a dazzling vision of violet velvet, flushed cheeks, flying hair and sparkling eyes—a figure which might have stepped, or, to be exact, tumbled out of a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

"Good-morning, uncle," she said. "I'm sorry to be late! And I shouldn't be, if Miss Cattermole didn't make me change into a picture-frock to come to breakfast in. She says that brown holland would ruffle your—your—oh, what is it?—your artistic sensibilities."

And she came to him and put up her face to be kissed.

"Good-morning, Felicia," said the Prime Minister, bending down.

"Noggs," said the Lady Felicia curtly, removing her face out of reach.

"Felicia, I cannot."

"Noggs! Noggs! Noggs!" cried the child. "If you don't call me Noggs, and call me Felicia again, I shall think you're angry with me and cry." And she blinked her eyes with inconceivable swiftness twenty or thirty times to bring the tears into them.

The Prime Minister hesitated and was lost; then he said quickly but stiffly, "Noggs."

"That's right," said the Lady Felicia; kissed him in a perfunctory fashion; and slipped into her chair.

"I'm exceedingly distressed by your conduct," said the Prime Minister with sufficient severity. "Last night you set a—a booby-trap above Mr. Borrodaile's door, and caused him considerable pain and inconvenience."

"Billy's a pig!" cried the Lady Noggs shortly.

The Prime Minister blinked painfully; on the spur of the moment he could not make up his accurate mind whether it was more of a shock to him to hear the sedate Mr. Borrodaile called Billy or described as an unattractive animal.

"That—that is not the way for a little girl to speak of her elders," he said unhappily.

"If Billy sneaked, then he's a pig," said the Lady Noggs firmly.

"I can't understand how you could bring yourself to play any one such an unkind trick."

"It served him right," said the Lady Noggs.

"Served him right? How? I'm sure that Mr. Borrodaile did nothing—nothing to deserve such treatment."

"Oh, yes, he did," said the Lady Noggs quickly; "I never tell tales—never. But he's sneaked about that booby-trap; and I'll tell about him. What do you think he called you?"

"I don't know! and I don't want to hear!" cried the Prime Minister quickly.

"He called you a philosopher," said the Lady Noggs with dreadful gravity. "I heard him tell Sir George that you were a philosopher."

The Prime Minister laughed gently; and then he laughed louder.

The Lady Noggs looked scandalized by his levity. "I think it's a horrid thing to be called," she said severely. "Only last Sunday Mr. Cringle said in his sermon that philosophers were very wicked men."

"I'm sorry that Mr. Cringle takes such a harsh view of them," said the Prime Minister. "But I can't help Mr. Cringle. I am a philosopher; and I don't think I'm a very wicked man."

The Lady Noggs looked horrified; then her face cleared slowly and she said: "Oh, no; if you're a philosopher, they're not wicked men. Mr. Cringle was wrong."

"I'm glad you look at it like that," said the Prime Minister; "and so you see you had no grievance against Mr. Borrodaile."

"Oh, yes, I had," said the Lady Noggs quickly. "He'd no right to *call* you a philosopher."

The Prime Minister gazed at her with bewildered eyes; he could not follow her reasoning. "Well, at any rate," he said, "you must apologize to him."

"Apologize to Billy?" said the Lady Noggs with unaffected scorn.

The Prime Minister quivered to the name Billy, but he said firmly: "Yes; I insist upon it."

The Lady Noggs considered her uncle's face carefully; seemed to weigh the matter and make up her mind that he was in earnest. Then a curious gleam came into her eye and she said: "Very well, uncle, I'll apologize to him."

"That's right," said the Prime Minister with great relief; and he fell to his breakfast with an almost cheerful sigh.

The Lady Noggs displayed herself in a most amiable light during the meal. She asked after the country, the continent, the United States of America and the German Emperor with a flattering interest. Something in her uncle's tone when he spoke of that last personage awakened her suspicion and she said quickly, "Has William been behaving badly again?"

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of short stories by the author of The Admirable Tinker, each of which is complete in itself. The second will appear in an early number.

In the household of the Prime Minister it was the custom to speak of the German Emperor as William in a pained way, half kindly indulgence, half reproach.

"He has been making himself rather disagreeable,' said the Prime Minister reluctantly.

"I never heard of such an Emperor," said the Lady Noggs shaking her head wisely, "nor did Miss Cattermole. She says that among the Roman Emperors there was no one exactly like him: I asked her. And Billy says that Emperors are a bad lot. I believe he's more trouble to you than me.'

"Than I," said the Prime Minister.

"Than I," said the Lady Noggs. "And he never makes up for it by being nice to you afterward—does he?"

"So far," said the Prime Minister, "I have not found in him any disposition to be nice to me afterward.'

'I wonder," said the Lady Noggs, knitting her brow, "if I could do any good, supposing I were to write to him and ask him to behave better.'

'No—no good at all," said the Prime Minister quickly, with a very lively dread of some of the opposition papers getting hold of the incident. I'm afraid he doesn't know how to behave.'

'If it's like that, I'm afraid it would be no good,' said the Lady Noggs sadly. "But why don't you make him sit up?"

Make him sit up?" said the Prime Minister, sitting up himself.

Yes; make him sit up just once—really sit up. He'd behave better after that," said the Lady Noggs earnestly. "I always do when any one behaves badly to me.'

The Prime Minister's face relaxed and he laughed shortly. "Really, Noggs, there's something in what you say," he said. "Out of the mouth of babes." And he fell into one of his thoughtful moods.

The Lady Noggs respected his brooding. She devoted herself to her breakfast in silence, only breaking it to say, 'Uncle, you're eating a cold chop; those in the dish are better.' or, "Uncle, you're drinking cold coffee; you'd better pour it away and take fresh."

The Prime Minister followed her suggestions dreamily. When they had done, and were going out of the room, he awoke and said, 'You won't forget to apologize to Mr. Borrodaile?"

'Oh, no; I won't forget. I'm going to do it at once," said the Lady Noggs with a grim smile.

Indeed, she seemed in haste to get it done; for instead of going upstairs and changing her velvet picture-gown for the holland frock better adapted to her usual avocations, which involved no little wear and tear of clothing, she went out into the garden.

Mr. Borrodaile was taking his holiday. Smoking his after breakfast pipe, he was walking up and down a secluded lawn, dreaming. Immersed in his dream, he did not perceive a violet-clad figure steal up to the entrance of the lawn, and at the sight of him slip into the bushes and wait in hiding. Presently, as the Lady Noggs, who knew his habits well, expected, he sat down on a seat at the end of the lawn and continued his reverie drowsily. She worked her way noiselessly round the lawn through the bushes, came out behind him and up to the seat.

The drowsy Mr. Borrodaile felt a soft little hand steal into his hair and a gentle voice said in his ear, "I apologize about that booby-trap, because uncle told me to, Billy—you sneak!"

And the soft little hand gripped his hair and gave it a violent tug which drew from him a yell of anguish.

I'll teach you to be a sneak," said the Lady Noggs; and she tugged again.

"Drop it, Noggs! drop it!" roared Mr. Borrodaile.

'Not me," said the Lady Noggs with little care of her grammar, and she tugged again.

'I'll wring your neck, you little fiend!" roared Mr. Borrodaile; and he had the presence of mind to seize her hand and hold it, so that she could not tug so hard; but more he could not do for fear of hurting her, and was held a close prisoner.

"Now, you apologize to me for sneaking," said the Lady Noggs, making unavailing efforts to tug.

But at that moment the Prime Minister, attracted by the yells of his secretary, ran into the glade with a scared face. At first he could not make out what was happening. His secretary lay back in the seat, his face scarlet, groaning and kicking spasmodically. Behind him stood the Lady Noggs, her eyes shining with righteous triumph.

Both of them were far too deeply absorbed in the business of the moment to perceive his entry upon the scene until he cried, "Whatever is this? What's the matter, Mr. Borrodaile?"

Lady Noggs looked up, let go Mr. Borrodaile's hair and said, "I—I was apologizing.'

Mr. Borrodaile sprang to his feet and wiped the tears from his eyes. "Oh, what an ornament to the Peerage," he said bitterly.

You leave the Peerage alone!" cried the Lady Noggs hotly; "I did apologize—I did really, uncle," she went on, turning to the Prime Minister. "Then I pulled his hair for sneaking.'

I should like to know what the beginning of it was," said Mr. Borrodaile irritably. "What did you set the booby-trap for, you—you peeress?"

She heard you call me a philosopher," said the Prime Minister.

It's only the truth that wounds," muttered Mr. Borrodaile, feeling softly the booby-trap bump on the top of his head.

SHE WORKED HER WAY NOISELESSLY UP TO THE SEAT

Lady Noggs, thinking that he was feeling the roots of his hair, smiled grimly and said, "You won't sneak again in a hurry.'

'I must insist on your not using this slang, Felicia," said the Prime Minister severely. "I will not have it. Besides, Mr. Borrodaile did not sneak—did not tell me of your unkind trick. I heard the noise myself and inquired into the matter."

"You didn't sneak? Oh, poor Billy!" said the Lady Noggs. Her face fell and fell; she plumped down on the seat, burst into tears and wailed, "Oh, I'm a beast! I'm a little beast!"

"You are, Noggs; you are—a perfect little beast," said Mr. Borrodaile with hearty acquiescence.

But the Prime Minister gazed at the weeping Noggs with every appearance of concern and said, "Dear, dear, this is very distressing."

Mr. Borrodaile looked at him with humorous appreciation and said: 'She'll be all right soon, sir. Perhaps you'd better go away and leave her to me. She'll only be worse with you here, sir.'

Do you think she will?" said the Prime Minister, hesitating.

I'm sure of it. You leave her to me; I understand her.'

Perhaps I'd better. I don't understand children, I'm afraid," said the Prime Minister; and he went, sighing.

Mr. Borrodaile looked at the weeping Peeress and said, with some discomfort, "Now, that's enough, Noggs. I'm appeased, quite appeased. Drop it."

Poor Billy," sobbed the Lady Noggs, "how I must have hurt you!'

That's all right. I dare say it was good for my hair. Perhaps it will make it grow.'

No, no; you'll go bald. I know you will."

Mr. Borrodaile put his hand hastily to his head to feel if his hair were already thinning.

The Lady Noggs sobbed on; he fidgeted, and at last said, in a tone of disgust: "Don't be so inexpressibly feminine, Noggs. I was hurt, not you.'

"I'm not feminine!" cried the Lady Noggs.

"Oh, yes, you are."

"I'm not! I'm not! I'm not!" cried the Lady Noggs.

There was a rustle of skirts and a very pretty young lady came on to the lawn. Mr. Borrodaile's eyes lighted up at the sight of her, and possibly hers would have lighted up at the sight of Mr. Borrodaile but they were not allowed.

"Oh, here you are, Noggs," she said in a resigned voice. "I've had the usual hunt for you." Then she saw the child's tear-stained face turned on Mr. Borrodaile and said, "What have you been doing to this child, Mr. Borrodaile?"

"I like that!" cried Mr. Borrodaile. "What do I ever do to this child? What has this child been doing to me, you mean!"

"Doing to you? A child like that!" said Miss Cattermole.

"Oh, well, she's just explained that she's made me bald for life," said Mr. Borrodaile with the air of a cheerful martyr.

"Bald! Good Gracious! What has she done?"

'I pulled his hair out—at least some of it," said the Lady Noggs, looking ruefully at her fingers, to which stuck a black hair or two.

"How could you be so cruel, Noggs?" said Miss Cattermole.

"I thought he'd sneaked; but he hadn't," said the Lady Noggs, drying her eyes.

'Poor Mr. Borrodaile," said Miss Cattermole.

'Poor William," said Mr. Borrodaile. "All my friends call me William.'

Nonsense," said Miss Cattermole, blushing.

"It's quite true," said Mr. Borrodaile; "and it's a very pretty name. Try it."

"Nonsense," said Miss Cattermole again.

"Well, if you won't," said Mr. Borrodaile with a sigh. "But I have been falsely accused, misjudged and maltreated. My feelings are lacerated. It must be made up to me. I have a holiday to-day. I must be taken on the river—in the Canadian canoe. It holds two."

"Oh, you two spoons!" the Lady Noggs broke in with immense contempt.

Miss Cattermole blushed again, turned to her and said: "My child, there is a little matter of French irregular verbs. You come with me and apply your extraordinary powers of observation to them."

The Lady Noggs made a wry face and rose. She came up to Mr. Borrodaile, held out her hand and said, "Shake hands, Billy. We won't have any ill feeling.'

Mr. Borrodaile shook hands gravely. "We won't," he said. "But oh, Noggs, never, never apologize to me again. I don't really care a bit for apologies." And he watched them go.

At the end of the lawn the Lady Noggs bethought herself, paused, turned her head and shouted back: "Feminine yourself!" The Lady Noggs had the last word.

A Spicy Introduction

MR. OWEN WISTER, the author of The Virginian, was at Harvard with the President, and is one of those who still enjoy his delightful hospitality. Among the guests at a White House dinner were a very distinguished old lady, slightly deaf, and Mr. Wister. The President, placing his hand on Mr. Wister's shoulder, took him up to the lady, saying: "Mrs. Jones, I want you to meet my old friend, Owen Wister." "Ah! Mr. Worcester," said the old lady, "how charming! I am so pleased to meet you on account of the sauce."

The President's Daughter

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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"WHAT A CHANCE THAT I SHOULD MEET YOU!" SHE EXCLAIMED

CHAPTER XI

OCTOBER had not yet gone when they met again in a Medicine Bend street. Glover, leaving the Wickiup with Morris Blood, ran into Gertrude Brock coming out of an Indian curio shop with Doctor Lanning. She spoke to Glover: "Marie was regretting yesterday that you had not yet found your way to Glen Tarn."

The sun beat intensely on her black hat and her suit of gray and she twirled the tip of her open sunshade on the pavement with such deliberation that he shifted his footing helplessly. His heavy face never looked homelier than in sunshine and she gazed at him with a staggering calmness. He muttered something about having been unusually busy.

"We, too, have been," smiled Gertrude, "making final preparations for our departure."

"Do you go so soon?" he exclaimed.

"We are awaiting only papa's return now to say good-by to the mountains." The way she put it stirred him, as she had intended it should, uncomfortably.

"I should certainly want to say good-by to your sister," muttered Glover. But in saying even so little his naturally unsteady voice broke one extra tone, and when this happened it angered him.

"You are not timid, are you?" continued Gertrude.

"I think I am something of a coward."

"Then you shouldn't venture," she laughed. "Marie has a scolding for you."

Morris Blood had been telling Doctor Lanning that he and Glover were to go over to Sleepy Cat on the train the Doctor and Gertrude were to take back to Glen Tarn. The two railroad men were just starting across the yard to inspect an engine, the 1018, which was to pull the limited train that day for the first time. It was a new monster planned by the modest little Manxman, Robert Crosby, for the first district run. "Help her over the pass," Crosby had whispered—the superintendent of motive power hardly ever spoke aloud—"and she'll buck a headwind like a canvasback. Give her decent weather, and on the Sleepy Cat trail she'll run away with six, yes, eight Pullmans."

Doctor Lanning was curious to look over the machine, and Gertrude was quite ready to accept Blood's invitation to go. With the doctor under the superintendent's wing, Gertrude, piloted by Glover, crossed the network of tracks asking railroad questions at every step.

Reaching the engine, she wanted to get up into the cab, to say that before leaving the mountains forever she had been once inside an engine. Glover after some delay procured a stepladder from the "rip" track, and with this the daughter of the magnate made an unusual but easy ascent to the cab. More than that, she made herself a heroine to every yardman in sight and strengthened the new administration incalculably.

She ignored a conventional offer of waste from the man in charge of the cab, who she was surprised to learn, after some sympathetic remarks on her part, was not the engineman at all; he was a man that had something to do with horses. And when she suggested it would be quite an event for so big an engine to go over the mountains for the first time, the hostler told her it had already been over a good many times.

But Mr. Blood had an easy explanation for every confusing statement and did not falter even when Miss Brock wanted to start the engine herself. He objected that she would soil her gloves, but she held them up in derision; plainly, they had already suffered. Some difficulty then arose because she could not begin to reach the throttle. Again, with much chaffing, the stepladder was brought into play, and steadied on it by Morris Blood and coached by the hostler the heiress to many millions grasped the throttle, unlatched it and pulled at the lever vigorously with both hands.

The packing was new, but Gertrude persisted, the lever yielded, and to her great fright things began to hiss. The engine moved like a roaring leviathan and the author of the mischief screamed, tried to stop it, and being helpless, appealed to the unshaven man to help her. Glover, however, was nearest, and he shut off.

It was all very exciting, and when, on the turntable, Gertrude was told by the doctor that her suit was completely ruined, she only held up both her blackened gloves, laughing, when Glover came up, and caught up her begrimed skirt and joined him with a flush on her cheeks as bright as a danger signal.

Some fervor of the magical day, under those skies where autumn itself is only a heavier wine than spring, something of the deep breath of the mountain scene seemed to infect her. She walked at Glover's side. She recalled with the slightest pretty mirth his fetching the ladder—the way in which he had crossed a flat car by planting the ladder alongside, mounting, pulling the steps after him and descending on them to the other side.

In her humor she faintly suggested his awkward competence in doing things and he, too, laughed. As they crossed track after track she would place the toe of her boot on a rail glittering in the sun, and rising, balance an instant to catch an answer from him before going on. There was no haste in their manner. They had crossed the railroad yard, strangers; they recrossed it quite other. Their steps they retraced, but not their path. The path that led them that day together to the engine was never to be retraced.

To worry Crosby's new locomotive, Blood's car had been ordered added to the westbound limited, but neither Glover nor Blood spent any time in the private car. The afternoon went in the Pullman with Gertrude Brock and Doctor Lanning. At dinner Glover did the ordering because he had earlier planned to celebrate the promotion, already known, of Morris Blood to the general superintendency.

If there were few lines along which the construction engineer could shine, he appeared to advantage as the host of his friend at least, since the ordering of a dinner is peculiarly a gentleman's matter, and even the modest complement of wine which the occasion demanded, Glover toasted in a way that revealed the boyish loyalty between the two men.

The spirit of it was so pretty that neither the doctor nor Gertrude made scruple of adding their congratulations. The moments were fleeting, and Glover, next day, could recall them up to one scene only. When Gertrude found she could not, even after a brave effort, ride with her back to the engine and accepted so graciously Mr. Blood's offer to change seats, it brought her beside Glover: after that his memory failed.

In the morning he felt miserably overdone, as at Sleepy Cat a man might after running a preliminary half-way to heaven. Moreover, when they parted he had, he remembered, undertaken to dine the following evening at the Springs.

When he entered the apartments of the Pittsburg party at six o'clock Mrs. Whitney reproached him for his absence during their month at Glen Tarn, and, in Mrs. Whitney's manner, peremptorily.

"I'm sure we've missed seeing everything worth while about here," she complained. Her annoyance put Glover in good humor. Marie met him with a gentler reproach, "And we go next week!"

"But you've seen everything, I know," he protested, answering both.

"Whether we have or not, Mr. Glover should be penalized for his indifference," suggested Marie. Doctor Lanning came in. "Compel him to show us something we haven't seen around the lake," he suggested. "That he cannot do then we have only to decide on his punishment."

"Oh, but I want to be on that jury," declared Gertrude, entering softly in black.

"But is this Pittsburg justice?" objected Glover, rising to the raillery. "Shouldn't I have a try at the scenery end of the proposition before sentence is demanded?"

"Justify quickly, then," threatened Marie as they started for the dining room; "we are not trifling."

"Of course you've been here a month," began Glover when the party were seated.

"Yes."

"Out every day?"

"Yes."

"The guides have all your money?"

"Yes."

"Then I stake everything on a single throw."

"A professional," interjected Doctor Lanning.

"Only desperate gamesters stake all on a single throw," suggested Gertrude warningly.

"I am a desperate gamester," said Glover. "Have you seen the Devil's Gap?"

A chorus of derision answered.

"The very first day—the very first trip!" cried Mrs. Whitney, raising her tone one note above every other protest.

"And you staked all on so wretched a chance?" exclaimed Gertrude. "Why, Devil's Gap is the stock feature of every guide, good, bad and indifferent, at the Springs."

"I have staked more at heavier odds," returned Glover, taking the storm calmly, "and won. Have you made but one trip, when you first came, do you say?"

"The very first day."

"Then you haven't seen Devil's Gap. To see it," he continued, "you must see it at night."

"At night?"

"With the moon rising over the Spanish Sinks."

"Ah, how *that* sounds!" exclaimed Marie.

"To-night we have full moon," added Glover. "Don't say too lightly you have seen Devil's Gap, for that is given to but few tourists."

"Do not call us tourists," objected Gertrude.

"And from where did you see Devil's Gap—The Pilot?"

"No, from across the Tarn."

If the expression of Glover's face, returning somewhat the ridicule heaped on him, was intended to pique the interest of the sightseers it was effective.

Lighted by the stars, they left the hotel in the early evening. For thirty minutes they rode rapidly in darkness then, leaving a sharp defile, they emerged on a broad plateau.

Across the Sinks the moon was rising full and into a clear sky. To the right twinkled the lights of Glen Tarn and below them yawned the unspeakable wrench in the granite shoulders of the Pilot range called Devil's Gap. Out of its appalling darkness projected miles of silvered spurs tipped like grinning teeth by the light of the moon.

"There are a good many Devil's Gaps in the Rockies," said Glover, after the silence had been broken, "but I imagine if the devil condescends to acknowledge any he wouldn't disclaim this."

Gertrude stood beside her sister. "You are quite right," she admitted. "We have spent our month here and missed the only overpowering spectacle."

"See." He pointed far down on the left. "Can you make out that speck of light? It is the headlight of a freight train crawling up the range from Sleepy Cat."

Doctor Lanning called to Marie. Gertrude stood with Glover.

"Is that the desert of the Spanish Sinks?" she asked, looking into the stream of the moon.

"Yes."

"Is that where you were lost two days?"

"My horse got away. Have you hurt your hand?"

She was holding her right hand in her left. "I tore my glove on a thorn, coming up. It is not much."

"Is it bleeding?"

"I don't know; can you see?"

She drew down the glove gauntlet and held her hand up If his breath caught he did not betray it, but while he touched her she could very plainly feel his hand tremble; yet for that matter his hand, she knew, trembled frequently. He struck a match It was no part of her audacity to betray herself and she stepped directly between the others and the little blaze and looked into his face while he inspected her wrist "It is scratched badly but not bleeding," he said

"It hurts

"Very likely; the wounds that hurt most don't always bleed," he said. "Let us go."

"Oh, no," she said, "not quite yet This is [illegible] I love this

Your aunt, I fear, is not interested She is complaining of the cold. I can't light a fire; the mountain is all timber below

"Aunt Jane would complain in Heaven, but that wouldn't signify she didn't appreciate it. Why are you so quickly put out? It isn't like you to be out of humor." She drew on her glove slowly. "I wish you had this wrist— -

"I wish to Heaven I had.' The sudden words frightened her She showed her displeasure in half turning away then she resolutely faced him "I am not going to quarrel with you even if you do make fun of me——

'Fun of you?

"I warn if you put an unfair sense on what I say

I meant what I said in every sense, either to take the pain or—the other. I couldn't make fun of you. Do you never make fun of me, Miss Brock?'

'No, Mr. Glover, I do not. If you would be sensible we should do very well You have been so kind and we are to leave the mountains so soon we ought to be good friends

"Will you tell me one thing, Miss Brock—are you engaged?"

"I don't think you should ask, Mr. Glover. But I am not engaged—unless that in a sense, I am," she added doubtfully.

"What sense, please?"

"That I have given no answer—are you still complaining of the cold, Aunt Jane?" she cried in desperation turning toward Mrs. Whitney. "It is quite warm over here. Mr. Glover and I are still watching the freight train. Come over do"

Going back, Glover rode near to Gertrude, who had grown restless and imperious. To hunt this queer mountain lion was recreation, but to have the mountain lion hunt her was disquieting

She complained again of her wounded hand, refused all suggestions, and gave him no credit for riding between her and the thorny trees through the cañon. It was midnight when the party reached the hotel, and as Gertrude stepped across the parlor to the water-pitcher Glover walked at her side. "I must thank you for your thoughtfulness of my little sister to-night," she was saying

He was so intent that he forgot to reply

"May I ask one question?" he said

"That depends '

"When you make answer may I know what it is?"

"Indeed you may not."

—AND FEAST UNDISTURBED ON HIS TELEGRAM

CHAPTER XI

THEY walked back to the parlors. Doctor Lanning and Marie were picking up the rackets at the ping pong table. Mrs. Whitney had gone into the office for the evening mail

Passing the piano, Gertrude sat down and swung around toward the keys. Glover took music from the rack Unwilling to admit a trace of the unusual in the beating of her heart or in her deeper breathing she could not entirely control either there was something too fascinating in defying the light that she now knew glowed in the dull eyes at her side. She avoided looking, enough that the fire was there without directly exposing her own eyes to it. She drummed with one hand, then with both, at a gavotte before her

Overcome merely at watching her fingers stretch over the keys, he leaned against the piano

"Why did you ask me to come up?

After he had muttered the words she picked again and again with her right hand at a loving little phrase in the gavotte When it went precisely right she spoke in the same tone, still caressing the phrase, never looking up. "Are you sorry you came?'

'No; I'd rather be trod under foot than not be near you.'

'May we not be friends without either of us being martyred? I shall be afraid ever to ask you to do anything again. Was I wrong in—assuming it would give you as well as all of us pleasure to dine together this evening?"

'No. You know better than that. I am insanely presumptuous, I know it. Let me ask one last favor -

The gavotte rippled under her fingers. "No."

He turned away. She swung on the stool toward him and looked and frankly up but she spoke very low. "You have been too courteous to all of us for that. Ask as many favors as you like, Mr. Glover; but not, if you please, a last one."

"It will be the last, Miss Brock. I only——

You only what?

"Will you let me know what day you are going—so I may say good-by?

Certainly I shall You will be at Medicine Bend in any case, won't you?"

"No. I have fifteen hundred miles to cover next week."

"What for—oh, it isn't any of my business, is it?"

Looking over the snowsheds. Will you telegraph me?"

"Where?"

At the Wickiup; it will reach me

'You might have to come too far." Her hand was running over the keys We shall start in a few days."

Will you telegraph me?

If you like."

Eight days later, when suspense had grown sullen and Glover had parted with all hope of hearing from her, he heard. In the depths of the Heart River range her message reached him

Every day Giddings, hundreds of miles away at the Wickiup, had had his route-list. Giddings, who would have died for the engineer waited, every point in the repeating covered, day after day for a Glen Tarn message that Glover expected. For four days Glover had hung like a dog around the nearby stretches of the division. But the season was advanced, he dared not delegate the last vital inspection of the year, and bitterly he retreated from shed to shed until he was buried in the barren wastes of the eighth district

The day in the Heart River Mountains is the thin, gray day of the alkali and the sage. On Friday afternoon Glover's car lay sidetracked at the east end of the Nine Mile shed waiting for a limited train to pass. The train was late and the sun was dropping into an ashen strip of wind clouds that hung cold as shrouds to the north and west when the gray-powdered engine whistled for the siding

Motionless beside the switch, Glover saw, down the gloom of the shed, the shoes wringing fire from the Pullman wheels and wondered why they were stopping The conductor from the open vestibule waved to him as the train slowed and ran forward with the message

"Giddings wired me to wait for your answer, Mr Glover,' said the conductor

Glover was reading the telegram.

I may start Saturday. G. B."

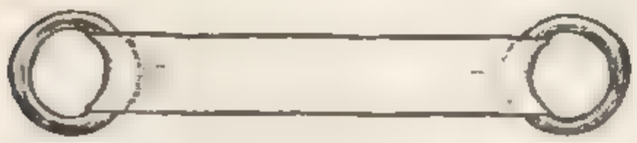
There was one chance to make it; that was to take the train then and there. Bidding the conductor wait he hastened to his car, called for his gripsack, gave his assistant a volley of orders and boarded a Pullman. Not the preferred stock of the whole system would have availed at that moment to induce an inspection of Nine Mile shed

There were men that he knew in the sleepers, but he shunned acquaintance and walked on till he found an empty

(Continued on Page 19)

THEY HAD CROSSED THE RAILROAD YARD STRANGERS; THEY RECROSSED IT QUITE OTHER

Some Bad Habits of Horses



Showing that Horse-Sense is the Basis of the Cure

By David Buffum

WHOEVER attempts to train horses—whether it be in the breaking of young animals to harness or in the cure of vices—will make but little headway unless he understands the equine nature and mind. Let us first know, then, that the horse is by nature timid, gregarious in his habits and of a higher nervous organization than any other domestic animal. When, therefore, we essay to drive him alone, among steam cars, trolleys, automobiles and a hundred other objects which naturally would terrify him, we must bear in mind the extreme to which we are stretching his adaptability and govern ourselves accordingly.

I do not think the mental make-up of the horse differs in kind from that of man, but it does, very considerably, in degree. The horse reasons far more from experience than from observation: in fact, horses that reason from observation to any noticeable extent are rare. What the horse finds he can do once he expects to do again, even though it be manifestly impossible; and what he finds himself unable to do on the first few occasions that he tries he does not attempt to do later, when it is clearly in his power. The little colt, when first broken to halter, is tied with a rope that he cannot possibly break, and later he permits himself to be tied with a light cord, it not occurring to him that he could snap it like a thread if he tried. Often, when my foals were running in pasture with their dams, I have accustomed them to stand still during my pleasure by throwing my arms around their necks and holding them firmly; and when grown to large horses the same method was equally effective.

It is upon this principle in the horse's nature that we have to rely, more than upon anything else, in training or in the cure of vice; for, although we employ certain means of coercion at first, there comes a time when these must be dispensed with and the horse driven in ordinary harness.

It is well for the trainer to also bear in mind that of no less importance than a knowledge of horse-nature are certain personal qualifications in himself. Hundreds of years ago the Arabs laid down the proverb, "Fear and anger a good horseman never shows," and this proverb is as true to-day as it ever was: so true, indeed, that without its observance no great success in horsemanship can ever be attained The trainer must know how to control himself before he attempts to control his horse

As I have intimated, the horse does not try to break his halter-rope, kick buggies to pieces, or go where he pleases, simply because when he first attempted it he found his master's will superior to his own. A vice is formed because, on some occasion, he has learned that in that particular he can do as he pleases, after all, and that his master is powerless to prevent it. It is manifest that to make him unlearn this dangerous knowledge of his own power is more difficult and requires more radical treatment than to check the young colt in his first disposition to go wrong; but it can be done and the vice permanently cured. It is necessary only to apply the right treatment, and to apply it intelligently and perseveringly

Horses contract so many vices that in an article like this I can refer in detail only to the principal and more serious ones.

A Cure for Kickers

KICKING in harness is a very bad vice, and yet I have not known a case that could not be cured. Some cases, however, require much longer-continued treatment than others. I remember one animal, a four-year-old mare that was brought to me for treatment, that required nearly four months of patient training before she was freed from her bad habit. She was finally cured, however, and is now a perfectly gentle horse, often driven by women and children.

The first step to take in the cure of this vice is to impress the horse with your supremacy, and this is best done by laying him down a few times. A horse lying prone upon the ground is robbed of all his natural means of defense, and the knowledge that, at your pleasure, you can place him in this humble and defenseless position has an excellent effect on his mind.

Having first selected a smooth piece of greensward, where he will not hurt himself, put on him a bridle and surcingle and strap up his off *forefoot* with a breeching-strap—the short loop around his foot between hoof and fetlock and the long one around his forearm. Fasten one end of a strap to the near forefoot below the fetlock, pass the other end up through the surcingle and take it in your right hand, the bridle-rein being in your left. Push him slightly, and the moment he steps pull sharply on the strap. This will bring him to his knees. If he is a horse of any spirit he will generally make a valiant fight against the treatment, but, having the use of only his two hind legs, he soon becomes wearied and rests with his knees on the ground. Now pull his head toward you and he will fall over the other way. (See Fig. 1.)

Repeat this operation several times, carefully watching his temper, and when he begins to "give up" he is ready to harness. In this proceed as follows:

Have ready a strap one and one-half inches wide and eight inches long, with a ring sewed strongly into each end. Attach this firmly to the top of the bridle, so that the rings hang just over the rosettes. Have an extra bit (an ordinary *straight* one, not jointed) in your horse's mouth. Now take a strong cotton cord a trifle thicker than an ordinary clothesline, and, leaving one end in the breaking-cart, carry the other end forward through the off terret, up through the ring on your short strap, down through the off ring of the extra bit, over the horse's nose, through near ring of extra bit, up through near ring on short strap, back through terret, and there tie to the long end, so as to form a checkrein. Adjust this so as to keep the head at a proper elevation—rather low than high, but not too low. (See Fig. 2.)

The Beauties of the "Controller"

NOW, whenever your horse attempts to kick, pull sharply on this line and his nose will be twitched up toward the sky, rendering kicking impossible—for he cannot kick when his nose is sufficiently elevated. It will also disturb his mental equilibrium and unsettle his confidence in himself in a way very consoling to those who have seen him kick a buggy or two to pieces. This arrangement should be used until the horse shows no disposition whatever to kick, and in this matter it is best to err on the side of safety and give him time for thorough repentance—especially as it does not hurt or irritate him in the least as long as he behaves.

The device I have described (which, for want of a better name, I call the "controller") I first used on an exceptionally bad runaway kicker some fifteen years ago, after having used several other contrivances which did not exactly suit me. I have since found it one of the very best means of control and correction, and I have used it with excellent results in the cure of other vices as well as kicking.

FIG. 3—METHOD OF FASTENING HALTER ROPE TO TAIL WHEN HEAD AND TAIL ARE TO BE TIED TOGETHER

When the controller is finally left off it is wise to substitute a checkrein formed on the same principle and to adjust it to keep the horse's head about as high as the controller kept it.

The only permanent and sure remedy for the vice of running away is to have a bit that will hold the horse under any circumstances. For this purpose, use the so-called "four-ring bit" with an overdraw checkrein. Concerning its efficacy, I can only say that it is the most powerful bit known, and I have not yet found a horse that I could not hold with it when properly adjusted. It also has the great advantage of being an exceedingly easy bit for the horse as long as he behaves properly—and this is a noteworthy feature, for you can never cure a vice if your means of correction is operative at other times than when the vice is exhibited. On a confirmed runaway it is also a good plan to use the controller, in addition to the four-ring bit, for the first few weeks, and give him a good taste of it whenever he shows a disposition to run

I have purchased and used many runaway horses and have never had much trouble with them: frequently the disposition to run away appeared to be wholly eliminated in time But this vice seems to be more deeply-seated than many others, and I should recommend that the four-ring bit and overdraw checkrein never be discontinued on a runaway.

Balking is not a dangerous vice, but of all equine shortcomings it is, perhaps, the most intensely aggravating. And yet it is proverbial that "there is always good stuff in a balky horse." The fact is that, as a rule, only horses of superabundant nervous energy contract this vice, and it is seldom, indeed, that they will not amply repay the time and attention necessary to effect a cure. Balking, in its inception, is almost always the fault of the driver—although, for that matter, the majority of vices are owing to bad horsemanship.

For this vice (depending, of course, upon its degree) palliative treatment is often all that is needed and, from being always handled properly, the horse, by degrees, forgets to balk. It is generally safe to assume that the balky horse has been thumped, pounded, yanked and kicked—treatment that in his case never yet effected a cure. I have several times purchased horses that were bad balkers and driven them for years, with scarcely a suggestion of the vice, the only remedy being the "handling of horses horse-fashion." But when palliative treatment is found to fail, put on the controller and elevate the horse's nose whenever he elects to stand still. Upon releasing the pressure he will generally start.

Should further treatment be necessary, proceed as follows: Take the horse out of the shafts, strip off all of his harness and put on an ordinary halter. Tie the hair of his tail into a hard knot. Now run the halter-rope through the hair above the knot, pulling his head well around toward his tail, and fasten by a half-turn and loop, which can be undone by a single jerk. (See Fig. 3.) Now stand back from the horse, touch him behind with your whip, and he will begin to "follow himself around.

He will presently get very dizzy. Do not allow him to fall down, as by so doing he may injure himself, but watch him sharply, and the moment he is thoroughly dizzy untie the rope. Now harness him as quickly as possible, put him in the shafts—and drive on. I have not often found it necessary to give more than one lesson of this kind, though in some rare instances its repetition is called for.

Why Horses Shy

SHYING is a very common as well as an extremely objectionable vice, completely spoiling many otherwise valuable horses—for there is neither pleasure nor safety in driving a bad shyer. It is first caused by genuine fear; then it becomes a habit. In the majority of instances—in fact, always, except in the case of nervous or hysterical shyers—had the horse, from the first, been gradually accustomed to the objects he fears and shown that they would not hurt him, he would never have become a shyer. Nearly every horse, for instance, is terrified by the beating of a drum if heard at close proximity for the first time; and yet I have repeatedly proved that a green colt from the pasture will quietly allow a drum to be tied around his neck or upon his back and beaten loudly within five minutes of his first introduction to it. The way I do it is as follows.

First I let the colt look at the drum and smell of it; then I tap it lightly and stop, again permitting him to look at and

smell it. Then I tap it harder, and gradually increase to the loudest sound it is capable of. It is astonishing, to one who has never seen it done, how soon he will allow the drum to be tied to him, swung loosely against him and beaten loudly the while. Why? Simply because he has been shown that it will not hurt him.

In like manner the horse, when first broken to harness, should be accustomed to every object that frightens him. But too often he is not. He meets an object that he fears—perhaps it is a log by the roadside, which his imagination transforms into some great beast, ready to spring upon him. Instead of being shown his error in a rational way he is presently engaged in a foolish tussle with his driver, and it is ten to one that before it is over the horse in some measure, has got the best of it. Thereafter, even though he gets over his fear of that particular object, he will feign terror whenever he sees it. He will also, from association of ideas, constantly find fresh objects to shy at

FIG. 1—ARRANGEMENT OF STRAPS FOR LAYING DOWN A HORSE

To cure the shyer when his fear is genuine, there is no way but to do as should have been done in the first place and properly accustom him to all objects that he fears. When he only feigns terror, coercive measures must be used; and while I do not, in most cases, recommend the use of the whip, I have found a good whalebone whip and a four-ring bit excellent adjuncts in a case like this. For it is absolutely necessary that in some way or other the horse be got by the object; he will never be good for anything if he be allowed to turn around and retrace his steps. I have also found the controller an excellent thing in many cases, for the horse is obliged to stand perfectly still when its pressure is applied, and when it is released he is frequently ready to pass the fear-instilling object. Perhaps for a novice this means would usually be most satisfactory, as the whip is a bad thing in the hands of those who do not know exactly when and how to use it

The fact that the fear is sometimes real and sometimes assumed makes it especially difficult to give detailed instructions for the treatment of this vice, for I find it almost impossible to describe the actions of the horse in each instance so that my reader can distinguish the difference. And yet there is a difference, and a difference that a horseman can readily perceive. In the assumed fright the horse is acting a part and his actions do not "ring true."

It often happens that a horse fresh from the stable will shy at an object that he would scarcely notice when tired. This does not always prove that he is shamming—nor is it to be confounded with neurotic or hysterical shying, of which I will speak later. When fresh, his nerves are in such perfect working order—are all on such a tiptoe of expectancy,—that the impression is telegraphed to his brain with lightning rapidity and an involuntary shrinking is the result Later, when he is tired, the nervous action is slower; and not only is the impression longer in reaching the brain but there is no reserve of nervous activity to cause an involuntary action

Though, as a general rule, it is preferable to drive a horse by an object that he fears, rather than to lead him, there are a great many cases when the latter is necessary, and it is highly important to know how to do it. Strangely enough, this thing which seems so simple is almost invariably done in the wrong way. Under the impression that the horse needs constant coaxing and persuading, the ordinary driver will stand facing him and, grasping the two reins close to the bit, walk sideways, constantly speaking words of encouragement as he endeavors to "work" the animal by the object (See Fig. 4). No wonder that the horse believes the occasion a momentous one From his driver's behavior he is led to believe he must nerve himself to pass some supremely terrible object, and he becomes doubly nervous and frightened

Now let me tell you the right way

Grasp the near rein in your right hand about a foot from the bit. Now, holding it firmly, but looking right before you and paying no apparent attention to the horse, walk on in a nonchalant way, just as if the circumstances were nothing out of the ordinary and you assume, as a matter of course, that your horse cares no more for the object you are passing than you do. (See Fig. 5). As a rule he will follow quietly, for he is taking close note of your behavior and is satisfied by it that he has nothing to fear.

Hysteria in Horses

IT NOT infrequently happens that people owning highly-bred horses are puzzled and annoyed by a vice—usually shying or bolting—which is manifested only occasionally A horse, for instance, is thoroughly accustomed to automobiles and you have driven him on perhaps twenty occasions when he has shown no fear of them. But on the twenty-first he evinces the most extreme terror, shying badly, or perhaps even bolting over the roadside wall. That the fear is genuine is evident to an experienced horseman, and the vice becomes tenfold worse in that we never know when to expect it

This vice (for which the horse is not to blame) is really an hysterical outbreak, and though the shyer of this class may be held in check at the time by some such device as the controller, we must, in order to effect a real cure, go beyond any mere coercive treatment and look for the cause of the trouble where it really is—in the nervous system. The way in which this nervous disorder operates may be illustrated by a phase in human nature familiar to all

A boy is afraid of the dark, although he knows his fear is foolish and that there is nothing to hurt him. He goes into a dark cellar twenty or thirty times, always holding his insane fear in check by an effort of his will. But there comes a time when, his nervous mechanism not being in as good order as usual, his fear gets the best of him and he makes a mad rush for the door. He knows there is nothing in pursuit, but he has lost his self-control and he is in as abject fear as though menaced by a real danger.

The case of the neurotic shyer is of like kind. The horse has learned that the object he once feared will not hurt him, but the association of ideas is such that a slight effort of his will is necessary, each time he passes it, to hold his fear in check. But on some day when his nerves are a trifle out of order even this slight effort becomes impossible.

I have owned and also treated for others a number of neurotic shyers and bolters, and they were all either thoroughbred or having a large percentage of thorough blood. The trouble is not one that cold blooded horses are liable to

This vice is of so peculiar a nature and so many horses are never cured of it—at least during the best years of their lives—that its cure might seem, at first blush, a difficult matter. But once understood, there is no trouble in effecting a cure, and the treatment is extremely simple, consisting only in work—work and plenty of it—accompanied by judicious feeding. I do not mean excessive or unduly hard labor, such as "breaks the heart" of a horse, nor occasional severe journeys followed by a period of rest; but daily, unremitting work in harness or saddle, or even light farmwork, such as plowing old ground, if the horse is large and strong enough. Whatever the work is, let it be done every day—and depend upon it this, with a little attention to feeding, will effect a perfect and permanent cure.

That the reasonableness of this treatment may be fully understood, let us look for a moment at the nervous system of the highly-bred horse and what purpose it serves. This nervous system—far more highly developed than in the cart horse—is what gives him his reserve force, his staying power. It is not bone and sinew that keep him going at the end of a hard race, but nervous energy. The common horse gets tired and quits; the thoroughbred also gets tired, but he keeps on

This wonderful piece of mechanism gets out of order in a horse dawdling in stable or paddock; it has no scope for the function which nature intended. But give the horse plenty to do and his nervous machinery again becomes healthy and runs smoothly, with no jerks or kinks

Of considerable importance in neurotic cases, though secondary to the treatment I have named, is right feeding. The chemical element that nourishes the nervous system is phosphorus. Therefore, when the nervous system is performing its proper work there is little danger of giving the horse a food too rich in this element; but when the nervous system has no chance to spend its energy, the excess of nerve-food becomes hurtful rather than beneficial. The horse-foods which contain the largest percentage of phosphorus are oats and barley, and that is why these grains put so much life into a horse. Next in order comes Southern corn. Northern corn contains little phosphorus but a large amount of carbon, and hence it is a sleepy food, making a horse fat and lazy

The knowledge of these facts should be turned to practical account in feeding. In the earlier stages of treatment the neurotic horse should be deprived of a portion of his oats, substituting a proper ration of corn. Usually a slight change in this respect is sufficient to produce the desired result, and in a short time, as treatment progresses, his full ration of oats should be restored. He will need an abundance of life-giving food if given the constant work that his case requires, and it must be remembered that it is upon work that we chiefly depend for a cure. The dieting simply slows up the nerve-machine a little and relieves the strain until the more important treatment begins to have its effect

In the instructions I have here given for the treatment of different vices I trust that the key will be found for the treatment of others which lack of space prevents my referring to. The main thing in all such cases is to go to work understandingly, always having a clear reason in your mind for everything you do—and then remember that a great deal of patience, perseverance and resolution are necessary to success

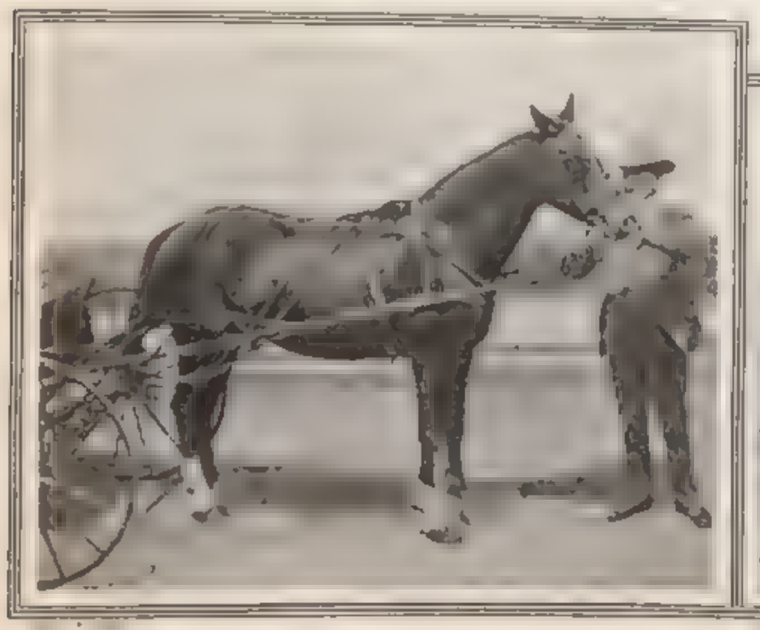


FIG. 4—THE WRONG WAY TO HOLD A HORSE WHEN LEADING HIM BY AN OBJECT THAT HE FEARS

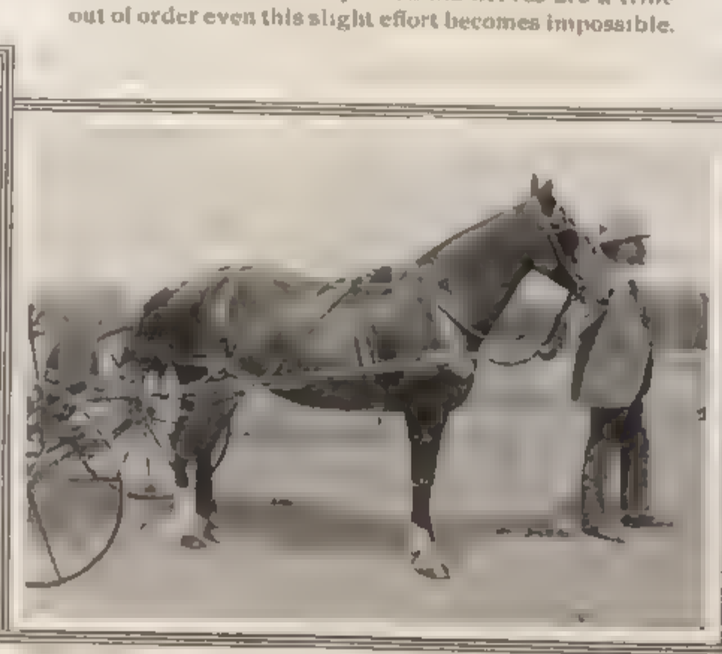


FIG. 5—THE RIGHT WAY TO LEAD A HORSE BY AN OBJECT THAT HE FEARS

FIG. 2—PROPER ADJUSTMENT OF THE "CONTROLLER"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ The snob admires only what is admired.

¶ He who follows another is always behind.

¶ All actors are heroes to their press-agents.

¶ The most effective cure for an unfortunate love-affair is a fortunate one.

¶ A girl should look happy because she is not married; a wife because she is.

¶ Prevention is better than cure, but it does not get its name in the papers so often.

¶ The wise man takes note of the spirit of the age, the politician panders to it, the statesman guides it.

¶ The pitcher that never goes to the well never brings any water; and it may fall off the shelf and be broken.

¶ "The fish left in the sea may be all right," remarked the nail-keg philosopher, "but they are not an available asset like those in the dealer's ice-box."

A New Nation

A NEW nation is being born under our very face and eyes. Things are shaping faster in Canada than few of us here in the United States realize; indeed faster than Canada herself realizes. Her statesmen are embarrassed, perplexed, bewildered with the unparalleled development of the great Northwest.

And the West has quickened the East. Ottawa is electric with the new commercial and political life.

That was a new day for Canada last April when Mr. Fielding, the Minister of Finance, in his speech before the Canadian Parliament, recommended a retaliatory tax on German steel.

In the Quebec Daily Telegraph a leading editorial has this most portentous heading: "A Nation to the Nations." The editorial went on to say: "It is an intimation to the world of the place Canada intends to occupy. From it Great Britain will learn the robust independence of the child it has fostered and developed.

"Canada has more emphatically than ever before declared her intention and ability of standing for what are deemed her rights of looking out for herself in the struggle of nations for advancement. It is the declaration of a nation, rather than a colony."

This striking and it would seem almost startling editorial was received without great surprise, and most assuredly without adverse comment anywhere—either in Canada East or West.

On the contrary, this patriotic national sentiment is in that clear, invigorating, Northern air! The very word "Colony" is welcome no longer. The Son has grown large and strong! Canada loves England, but there are big men up there, and since the days of the Confederation the young Northern giant has been putting on strength. And this is largely due to the discovery and phenomenal development of the Northwest.

Winnipeg, the Chicago of the Canadian West, has sprung into a centre of great power, geographically, commercially, politically. Thirty years ago there were some three hundred people there, Canadians and half-breeds. Now it is a rapidly growing city of 60,000 inhabitants, fine streets, broad avenues, beautiful bank buildings, large stores, converging and irradiating railways.

This Northwest is rapidly filling up with a new life from Eastern Canada and from our own Northwest. Farmers in Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota and the Dakotas are selling their valuable farms and are moving, with their families and farming implements and live stock, up into this great harvest-field, and are receiving a most generous welcome. American capital has gone in there and bought up great tracts of land, and large profits have already been made by the pushing, wide-awake Americans. But the brave and enterprising young men of Western Canada show a most noble and generous spirit. It is truly wonderful. They see our people making millions of money there in the last three years, but they say: "We welcome you; we need your money; we need your enterprise, your daring, your experience; come in and help us develop this great Empire!" No one in all the world, England not excepted, receives the broad and generous welcome from the Canadian Northwest that is so cheerfully and unselfishly given the American farmer, merchant, manufacturer and capitalist. They wish us to settle down and live with them and work with them. But to the capitalist, or the land speculator, many in this great Northwest, one big enough and broad enough to say: "Even though you come in to skim off the cream, and then perhaps leave us, still we welcome you. You are crowding our lands into the market; you are feeding the stream of immigration pouring in upon us; you are helping to develop our country. We welcome you." It is a wonderful spirit and courage, this, and Western Canada is charged full of a great New World electric life.

James J. Hill said recently: "There is no good reason why Canada may not have a population of 50,000,000 within the next fifty years." There are many in Canada who believe it. It is possible. England believes it. Many of our own far-seeing men believe it. The Hon. James A. Smart, Deputy Minister of the Interior, and the most able head of this department, in the absence of the Minister, the Hon. Mr. Sifton, in his recent report before his Committee stated that the immigration of the last eleven months has been the greatest by far in the history of Canada—something like 100,000.

The stream has only begun to flow. The great wheat belt, 1500 miles long and some 400 miles wide, will be plowed and harvested, all of it. Manitoba alone has 25,000,000 acres of arable land. Only about 3,000,000 acres have been plowed. There is a great future for Canada. She knows it; feels it; throbs with it, east and west, and she is willing to share it with our own Northwest! The international boundary-line is not a physical barrier, nor a commercial one, nor seriously a political one.

We Ought to Know Better

THE "society" fad is growing so rapidly that it threatens to impair the peace and the usefulness of a large class of us who ought to know better and ought to be setting others a better example.

Among the rich from seaboard to seaboard the craze takes the form of squandering huge sums in showing off before other rich people for whom they personally care nothing at all. Among some of the rich and many of moderate means it takes the form of a quaint passion for associating with people who don't know them and don't want to know them.

The only rational social intercourse, the only kind that can produce happiness or preserve self-respect, is the kind that is based on similar tastes and friendship slowly ripened from acquaintance. As we in America are all born sovereigns, we can't possibly get any higher in rank. So we select our friends in a natural way; and as for those who don't know us and whom we don't know, why should we lie awake o' nights worrying over their ill fortune?

A Lesson from France

THE American is ready enough to make any change in his habits or conduct provided he originates it himself. But he willingly borrows no custom from foreigners. Now, there are many customs which he might borrow with profit.

Take the matter of a *dot* for his daughter, for example. The Frenchman, be he peer or laborer, as soon as a girl child is born to him begins to stint and save and scrape to lay aside a certain sum for her dower. When she is of a marriageable age it is there, ready to buy her a home or to enable some honest young fellow to marry her who otherwise could not do it. She goes into the marriage partnership with a certain happy sense of independence. She can help her husband to carry the load of the family. She can have something to lay by for the *dot* of her daughter, if she have one. If she does not marry, she is not a dead weight for life on her family. She has capital, she has the little income which commands comfort and respect from France to Patagonia.

That is the debt which the French father thinks he owes to his daughter. He pays it.

The American father, as a rule, whatever his position, works hard to give his woman child the best of everything which his money will buy. If he lives in a house and in a style which double his income will not pay for, it is usually for her sake. She has dresses, jewelry, accomplishments, pleasures which keep him on the verge of bankruptcy. He lays nothing by. If she marry before the crash comes, nobody knows of the deception but her husband. But if the father dies, the girl's life is ruined.

Look in the Mint, in Government offices, in the department stores, and you will find tens of thousands of delicate, refined women brought up in luxury, ignorant of any art or trade, and penniless except for the pittance which they can earn by hard labor.

The English and French woman, too, whatever her rank, is usually taught the ordinary forms of business. There are no shrewder traders than the bourgeoise women of Paris and Marseilles. They are helpmeets to their husbands behind the counter as in the home. One of them originated the methods and organized the forces of the greatest retail shop in the world, and all the successful shops in this country and the continent have borrowed her methods and her organization.

American girls are taught sciences and accomplishments galore. But how many of them know where to sign a check or how to settle an estate? This almost universal oversight in the education of girls is the more amusing as our women boast that they now have taken all kinds of professions and trades out of the hands of men.

Very few American men in their secret souls believe that the market-place is the proper field for women. But if they choose to go into it, or if necessity drives them into it, why not qualify them for it?

Old-Fashioned Gardens

A WHOLESOME sign of the times is that so many of our women this summer are beginning to cultivate again the old-fashioned gardens dear to our grandmothers. Not the imaginary grandmothers given to us by Miss Johnson and Mr. Alton and other popular novelists—stately dames decked perpetually in brocade and diamonds, with nothing to do but to step minuets.

The real American grandmother, as a rule, was a hard-handed, soft-hearted farmer's wife who served her children and her God by incessant baking and cooking, making of soap and apple-butter in huge caldrons and sewing of carpet-rags. When her work was done in the evening she hurried out to plant and weed in her beds of mignonette and sweet peas and hollyhocks.

She had no frail, costly annuals, but homely, sweet-scented friends who hid away in winter to sleep under the snow and thrust out their heads in the spring year after year, to greet her again with their fragrant breath.

Her children pushed into town to make money. They had no gardens about their stuffy rows of close-built houses. They and their children knew nothing of flowers beyond the high-priced blossoms of the florists. But in the last thirty years the tendency of this class of Americans is towards the country again. At first they were content with a month or two in summer in some showy mammoth hotel; or, if they owned a summer house, it was a cheap imitation of the one in which they lived in the city, and the flowers were bought with the fruit and milk. The taint of the dollar and of the town was on them all. Even the really beautiful dwellings which now cover our mountains and seacoasts with imitations of French chateaux or Swiss chalets or English manor-houses, are surrounded by costly beds of flowers planted and tended by skilled and paid gardeners.

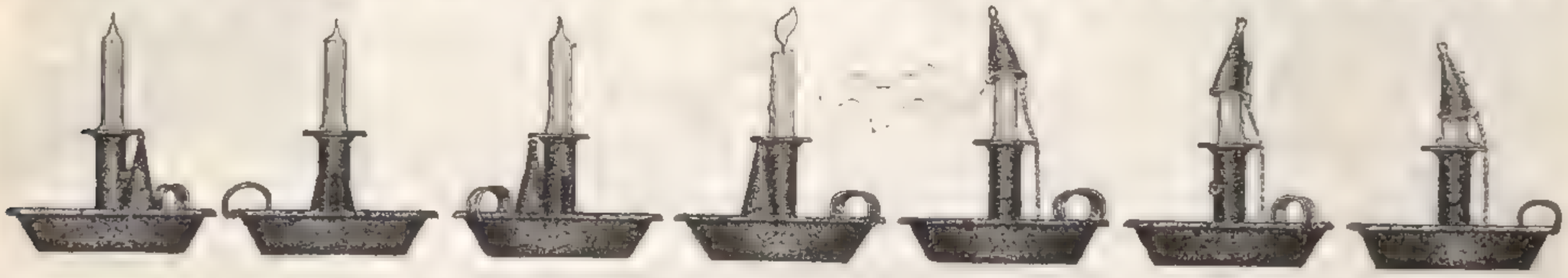
The fact that our women are this summer going back to the humble perennial plants which they can tend with their own hands is most suggestive.

These women have gone far afield in the world since the days of their grandmothers. Many of them have been in the market-place, making money in new, strange ways. Their lives are as different from that of the old farmer's wife as are their villas and palaces from the gray lichen-covered homestead which held all of her world.

It has grown to be their habit to jeer at her homely, narrow life which held nothing but husband, children, hard work and a very real God.

But now that they have begun to find out that the old June roses or mignonette which you have nursed and weeded and watered with your own hands is worth all the costly blossoms which you can buy from the florists, will they not some day suspect, too, that there were other things in the home-life of those old wives and mothers—in its simplicity, its lack of pretense and its self-devotion, which are worth bringing back again to the world?

Men and Women of the Hour



SENATOR QUAY, of Pennsylvania, quite frequently has his little joke with the newspaper correspondents He received the card of a bright young man one night and had him shown in.

The Senator was sitting at the table reading 'Senator," said the correspondent, "I want to ask you if — '

"All right," broke in the Senator, "all right; but first let me ask you if you are fond of stories of Western life?"

'Very," the correspondent replied

The Senator took up a book and handed it across the table Just look at that," he said. "I think it is the most interesting story I have read in a long time

To be polite, but inwardly chafing because of a fear that somebody else would get in before him on his interview, the correspondent took the book and glanced at a page or two

"Fine, isn't it?" asked the Senator. "Great story, I tell you. Why, as you like it so much, I'll lend it to you. Take it home and read it."

And when the correspondent came to, he was out in the street with a book, but with no interview

Why the Assemblyman Was Suspicious

THERE were several candidates for the United States Senate in one of the Western States recently A member of the Assembly from one of the back counties came to the political leader of his party and asked: "Who's the best man to vote for?"

"Well," replied the leader, "there's So-and-so He's a good man."

"Nope," said the perturbed legislator, "I won't vote for him."

"Why not?"

"Well, they say he makes $50,000 a year here now, and if he gives that up for a $5000 job I'd always be suspicious about where he got the other $45,000 to make up."

Our Epicurean Senators

A PARTY of tourists visited the Senate restaurant at Washington. They peered about in every corner

"So this is the place where the Senators eat their epicurean feasts, is it?" asked a lady with gray ringlets and a determined cast of countenance

"Yes, ma'am," the guide replied.

Precisely at that moment a waiter gave an order for the two Senators from Michigan, who were lunching together

He said: "Senator Burrows wants an apple and a glass of milk and Senator Alger wants a dish of tapioca pudding."

The Funeral of To-Morrow

REPRESENTATIVE SIBLEY, of Pennsylvania, went to Mexico, a time ago, to look after some interests he has there. Being a vigorous and energetic man, he was worried by the shiftless habits of the natives

One day, in the City of Mexico, he saw an imposing funeral procession. "Whose funeral is that?" he asked of a man passing

"*No sabe*," said the man.

"Good!" shouted Sibley; "now if they will bury *mañana*, too, this country will amount to something."

The Conspiracy Against Depew

SENATOR DEPEW and "Abe" Hummel, the famous and diminutive lawyer, went abroad on the same ship

Each is a noted story teller, but the friends of Hummel hatched a conspiracy to tease Mr Depew. They refused to laugh at the Senator's wittiest tales. They looked solemnly at him after he had finished his sidesplitters and exploded with laughter whenever Hummel related anything that even remotely resembled a story.

The Senator was chagrined. Finally, he went to the captain of the ship and told him the funniest story he knew. The captain was not impressed. He shrugged his shoulders and started to walk away.

"Here," said Mr. Depew, "what's the matter with you? Don't you appreciate a good thing when you hear it? That was a good story, wasn't it?"

'I don't know," replied the captain; "I haven't heard Mr Hummel tell it yet."

The Senator, He Came, Too

IT IS a joke at the Capitol in Washington that when a Rough Rider goes to the White House to pay his respects to President Roosevelt mere Senators and Representatives must cool their heels in the ante-room

Senator Bard had an experience that is historic. A constituent of his, from California, who was in President Roosevelt's regiment, came to Washington and wanted to call on his colonel. Senator Bard went up to the White House with him

They were shown in and the Senator said: "Mr. President, I want to present to you one of your former soldiers ——"

'Why, hello, Jim!" shouted the President. "I'm glad to see you

Then there was ten minutes talk of Spanish War experiences in which Senator Bard took no part. As the Rough Rider turned to go the President said: "Come up to dinner with me, to-night. Don't bother to dress. And, by the way bring Bard with you.

The Making of a Journalist

WHEN Joseph B. McCullagh was alive and editor of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, he was annoyed by a member of the staff who was continually late. This young man arrived from half an hour to an hour and a half after reporting time each day, but he always had an excuse. He overslept, or they failed to call him, or the cars were blocked or something of the kind happened.

Finally, McCullagh issued an order that no more excuses would be accepted, and that unless the young man came in on time he was to be discharged

On the very next day the loiterer was tardy again by forty five minutes. He was sent to Mr. McCullagh

"Well," said McCullagh, "you know what's going to happen to you."

"I suppose so," the young man replied, "but I assure you, Mr. McCullagh, it wasn't my fault."

"You've put in about every possible excuse," said McCullagh, "but before I fire you I would like to know, just for curiosity, what your excuse is."

"It was just this way," said the young man; "I got up early, determined to get to the office in time. I went into a negro barber shop to be shaved. When the barber was half through a hand came along and he couldn't resist the impulse to follow it. It was almost an hour before he came back, and I had to wait for him"

McCullagh chuckled. "Young man," he said, "I'll give you another chance I want you to write fiction for the Sunday paper."

James Keene's Best Friend

JAMES R. KEENE, the Wall Street operator, came out of Daly's theatre in New York one night with a friend. The friend was stopped in the lobby by a man who wanted to talk to him, and while he waited Mr. Keene strolled about

He came to a stock ticker, and those who were near by heard him apostrophize it thus: "Hello, ticker, you're an old friend. I know you and you know me. Sometimes Mrs. Keene doesn't understand me, and there are times when the children don't understand, either, but I know you and you know me. We are in accord. We are friends. We understand each other, don't we, old chap?"

The Fourth Dimension

"OLLIE" James, of Kentucky, will be the biggest man in the Fifty-eighth Congress, physically, at least He is large in every dimension.

Early this summer, when it came time to put on light clothes, Mr. James rampaged around his house looking for a favorite belt. It was not to be found. James was vexed. He liked that belt

Three or four weeks later it came time for the member of the James household to pack a trunk. The trunk was opened and in it was the belt

"Pshaw," said James, "here is that belt I have been looking for high and low for a month."

Mrs. James looked at the belt critically. "Why she said, "I thought that was the trunk strap."

The Most Unkindest Cut of All

"MARK," said Senator Scott, of West Virginia, to Senator Hanna, as they were riding to the Capitol in Washington, "I am going to make a great speech to morrow or next day. It is to be on the pension question. I want you to listen to it, for it is a fine effort"

'Who wrote it for you, Scotty?" asked Senator Hanna gently, and Senator Scott didn't smile again for a week

A Busy Day on Broadway

LEWIS NIXON, the shipbuilder, was born in Leesburg, Virginia, where the great time is court week. Then all the farmers drive to town and much business is done.

An old friend from Leesburg came to New York one day and called on Mr. Nixon. He was taken to luncheon and then went out for a ride in Mr. Nixon's automobile.

They came to the junction of Fifth Avenue, Twenty-third Street and Broadway. "Lewis," said the friend from Leesburg, "what's going on to-day that all these people are in the streets."

Oh, nothing," Mr. Nixon replied; "nothing out of the ordinary.

"Land sakes!" exclaimed the Leesburg man what a crowd there must be in court week"

How they Make History

SENATOR LODGE, of Massachusetts, the author in politics, thinks this country will eventually have a war with Germany. At least, he has said so in some of his speeches. He made rather an anti German speech one day. Senator Berry leaned over to Senator Dubois and said: "What's Lodge always talking about a war with Germany for?"

"Oh," replied Dubois, "I suppose he hopes there will be one, so he can write a history of it"

The Political Prophets and the President

MANY of the politicians in the Republican party thought it unwise for President Roosevelt to do so much talking on his recent Western trip. They were sure he would make slips in his speeches that would react

Two days before he started, Senator Platt, of New York, went over to say good-by. "Mr. President," said Senator Platt, "you are about to start on a sixty-six day trip. Unless I miss my guess entirely, you will break your neck sixty six times

The President laughed and said he thought not. When he returned and Senator Platt went to Oyster Bay to see him, the Senator said: "I was wrong about that neck-breaking business. Instead of breaking it sixty-six times, you didn't even sprain it once."

A Decision from the Chair

THE late Thomas B. Reed was in Washington on the day when Senators Tillman and McLaurin, of South Carolina, had their encounter.

Reed was sitting in the Ways and Means Committee Room on the House side. A friend came in and said: "Great times over in the Senate just now. Tillman called McLaurin a liar and McLaurin called Tillman a liar ——"

"Ha!" interrupted Reed, "the ayes seem to have it"

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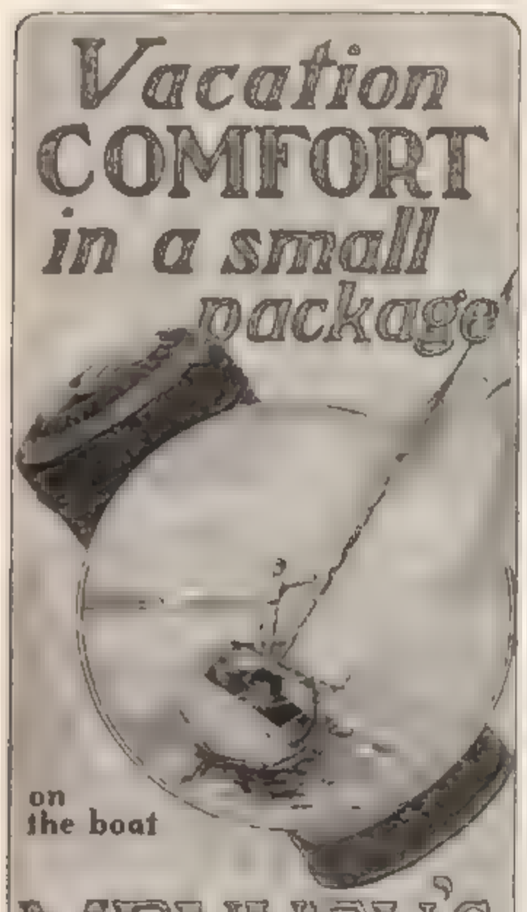

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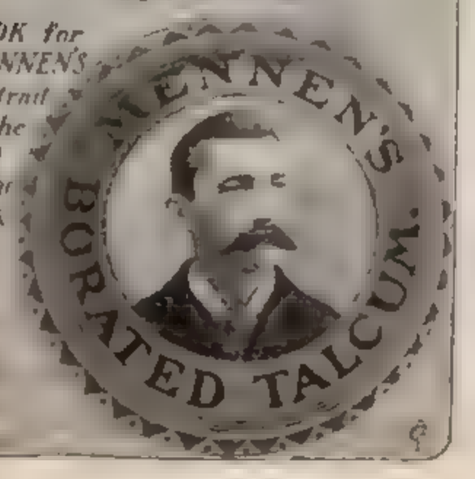


An Interposing Providence

(Concluded from Page 8)

"Really, really!" burst in the Judge—"I must tell you, my friend, that such a cross-examination is—is——"

"Ignatius!" cried Miss Iris in her turn, "now *do*—*do* be guided!"—— "I've been talking to him all the way over!" she wept, "I only came along because I thought I'd be able to keep him from coming"

"I'll be guided," shouted Mr. Botter, "when it looks a little less like being *steered!* *No*, you never *saw* me before! *No*, you never *heard* of me before! But, all the same, I haven't got out of earshot on a little trip north before you come in and, under the pretense of giving Miss Croydon, here, good advice, you start and sling mud at me by the shovelful and rip me up the back and defame me and blacken my character and throw it into me every mortal way you can! If I could even *understand* it! And *she* says she'd never seen or heard of you before, either!" The new review of the enormities he had suffered had brought him fairly to tears. It just seems like a blame nightmare—like some mystery in a novel! If I could get any idea what you *did* it for! What *did* you do it for?" he bawled—"what *did* you do it for?"

Upon the faces of the two younger Tarpeianers amazement had slowly changed to a dawning comprehension, and then to a heartless but sphinxlike delight

"To *me*," said Vanderdecken, earnestly "I confess it sounds as if Mr. Botter has been done much wrong!"

"And perhaps if he would only put his charges into some definite form——?" suggested the Doctor with kindly insinuation

The Judge turned upon them with a face of empurpled violence

"Yes!" cried Mr. Botter, "any one *might* say I'd been wronged! And I'm going to make my charges definite, too!" He appealed to his two new-found sympathizers "As far as *I* can make out, there wasn't anything he didn't put up to me! But, just to take one thing for a start-off, he said I was no good because I had 'no serious aim in life!' By gad, you'd think he'd been taking a course of lectures!'" He turned to his accuser again. "What's *your* 'serious aim in life'—that's what I want to know—what's '*your* serious aim in life'?"

The Colonel could only maintain a quivering grip of the back of his camp-chair. In that cyclone it kept him from losing all sense of bearings and direction

"Ignatius!" cried the girl again. "Oh, if only I hadn't told him the first *word!*"

"You are laboring under a monumental error, young man!" shouted the Judge

The embattled youth treated the interference with ferocious disregard. "And you said, because I'd been a little shy on church-attendance, that that pointed to all *kinds* of things being the matter with me! When were *you* in a church last—there's another question I'll ask you—when were *you* in a church last?"

"I was in a church last the week before I came up here!"

"Oh, you *were!* You *were!* Well, then, I'll bet all my money it was because you were roped in for some lodge funeral or other!"

The shot was low—beneath the water-line—and it told in as deadly fashion.

"Well, thank Heaven it wasn't for a wedding, anyway!"

"No!" cried the outraged Romeo—"no! If it *had* been, no doubt but you'd have been out with a brick for the minister! And you even had it in for me because I'd written a little poetry! I suppose you never wrote any poetry, either?"

"Well!" roared the Colonel, "It was a—a—infinitely better poetry than you'll ever write!"

"Yes, it *was!* And you'd *like* to dodge off into that side-line now, wouldn't you? Perhaps you'd like time to stop and recite some of it?"

"*Ignatius!* And I'm sure he would write just *beautiful* poetry, too!"

The Colonel let go his camp-chair. "I—I do not wish to do anything—anything I might regret afterward, young man, but if you——"

"Oh, you *don't!* You don't want to do anything you 'might regret afterward!' Say, I like that! I like that fine! Not when you've just put in the most of three weeks slandering and libeling and jabbing it into me in a hundred different ways any man of *honor* would have to lie awake at nights to think of! And then, to cap it all, you had to begin giving her a balloonful of hot air about an 'ideal man'——"

"Oh, *dearest!* Haven't I told you again and again that I thought, after all, he might only have been speaking *generally*?"

"Yes, you *were*, weren't you! You weren't speaking of an 'ideal man' by the name of Horsford, *were* you? Oh, no, of course you weren't! Well, I'll just tell you now, that if I hadn't heard from her in time how old you were——!"

"'*Old?*' '*Old?*' When I could thrash the life out of half a dozen such young whelps as you with—with one hand!"

"And I, too!" bellowed the Judge. "I warn you to provoke us no further! You're an *ass*, sir; you're an *ass!*"

They were tremendous and terrible minutes which followed. But the threefold power for peace of Miss Iris, Vanderdecken and the Doctor in the end prevailed.

"Well," said Mr. Botter at last, with gloomy state, "I let him go. And I don't wish to have any further talk about it"

The Colonel stood for a moment. Then forcing his hands into his pockets, he turned and steadfastly contemplated the left side of the tent

But, as the young man led his red-eyed Dulcinea to the canoe, the Judge could not forbear sending after her one last and bitter avuncular warning. "Just this, young lady just this: If, after what you have seen and heard to-day, you can go ahead and engage yourself to that—that——"

"'Engage herself to *me*?'" Mr. Botter began to back around so that he could face his lady love.

"Oh, *dearest! dearest!* Now *don't* start all over again! And I didn't tell him we *weren't* engaged! You can ask him yourself if you"

"I shall ask him nothing! But I shall tell him this, that we have been engaged for three years and two months, and I've been buying and storing furniture ever since February and we are to be married in October"

He paused for a reply. But even the Judge now had no words for it; he got himself up the bank and began fixedly to regard the tent from the other side

It has been said already that sounds carried far over the water of Upper Pickerel Mr. Botter kept silence until he had taken some twenty strokes. Then he broke it sepulchrally. "I suppose, Iris, I'll never know the real truth of this. But at least I have had the satisfaction of saying some things to him which he will remember!"

"Yes, dearest; yes, I know you did! *I'd* told him in the beginning what a strong character you had. And now he'll know it for himself."

"But why didn't you tell him we were engaged?"

"Why, you wouldn't have wanted me to go talking about our private affairs like that, I'm sure!"

"Then—as I've asked you fifty times—what did you let him get at me at *all* for?"

"Well, I see it's *impossible* to make you understand it; but when I had such a chance to talk about you, and in a way that was so—so sweet and romantic!—and if you only knew how much *he* seemed to enjoy talking about you, too?"

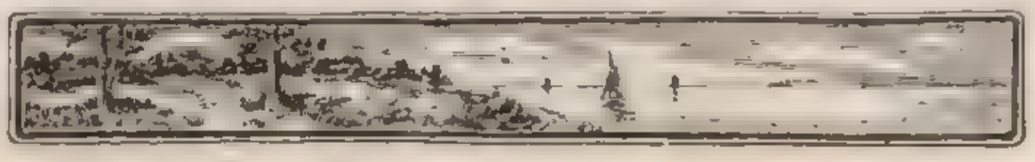
From those respective points on the canvas where the Judge's and the Colonel's eyes had focussed themselves, the Doctor for a moment believed he saw two wisps of blue smoke begin to curl and rise.

Vanderdecken started weakly off up the shore, chopping at the back of his neck with the edge of his hand. "Oh, dear, oh, dear! I can plainly see that for *me* this is a case of weep! But," he added feebly, "at any rate they're well matched!"

There was a long interval

"Well," concluded the Judge huskily, "at least we did our duty!"

"Yes," said the Colonel "Yes—Yes—"



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Presidents That Push

BY FORREST CRISSEY

Edward Payson Ripley

ORGANIZE, deputize, supervise." This is the terse platform upon which President Ripley has revolutionized the Santa Fé System and transformed it from a byword and a reproach in the railroad list to one of the foremost properties in America. Business brilliancy and sound conservatism of the constructive sort are not always combined in the same man; in fact they are seldom the pronounced qualities of the same character. But Edward Payson Ripley furnishes a marked exception to this rule.

Measured by the standard of results actually accomplished, he must be reckoned with as one of the genuine forces in the railroad world of to-day. It is one thing successfully to manage a railroad already vigorous and well-entrenched in a prosperous territory and quite another problem to take a road at so low a financial ebb that its shares are almost upon an assessment basis and convert it into one of the big profit-producing systems of the country.

When this man with the knack of doing things on a big scale came to the Santa Fé in January, 1896, the road was in the hands of a receiver, its shares went begging on the market, and the property was in as bad a condition physically as financially. The problem of putting the road on a right basis was little short of colossal, involving the rehabilitation of every department and interest. Concretely, his work involved the reduction of grades to effect the handling of heavier trains; the renewal of wooden bridges and trestles with steel spans, or their entire displacement by the substitution of earthen "fills" with arched culverts or pipe; the renewal of main-line track with heavier steel to meet the demands of heavier traffic; the consolidation and relocation of shops and division points, the consolidation of heating and pumping plants; the addition of labor-saving tools and the adoption of uniform and economical methods in the handling of work and materials; a careful supervision of the use of fuel, with a consequent reduction in its cost; the increasing of the capacity of freight-cars; the improvement of water supply; the better classification of materials and the adoption of uniform standards on all lines

Mr. Ripley's Herculean Task

When it is remembered that this sweeping revolution had to be made effective from end to end of a system more than six thousand miles in extent, the proportions of the task that confronted Mr. Ripley may faintly be realized by the layman; but only the practical railroad man can fully understand. Of course, the complete reorganization and rehabilitation of this great railroad involved the expenditure of millions of dollars, in itself not a light responsibility

To the average mind, figures do not speak so graphic a language as other forms of expression; but in suggesting the success with which Mr. Ripley discharged his heavy burden of responsibilities they are more than ordinarily eloquent. In June, 1896, six months after the Ripley administration had taken hold of the Santa Fé, it had a mileage of 6435; June, 1902, saw 7855 miles of road in active operation. But the figures which most graphically indicate the achievements of the new administration are those which show that the gross earnings of the road for the year ending June 30, 1897, were $30,621,230, as against $59,135,085 for the year terminating June 30, 1902. This shows the substantial difference of $28,513,855. Of equal significance to the practical railroad man is the showing of the ton miles for the same years. Against 2,062,483,268 ton miles for the fiscal year of 1896-7 are 4,231,748,520 for 1901-2

Under Mr. Ripley 550 new locomotives of the latest type and power have been added to the road's equipment and the motive-power efficiency of the system has been increased fully thirty per cent. The increase in the carrying capacity of the Santa Fé's cars is between fifteen and twenty-five per cent.

Perhaps no single task performed by this pushing president has been more important than the reduction of numerous heavy grades making possible the carrying of its immense burden of freight at the minimum of expense. At the present time a cut-off, involving about two hundred and sixty-five miles of new construction, is being run through the central portion of New Mexico from the "Panhandle" line to connect with the main line at a point south of Albuquerque. This eliminates the heavy mountain grades necessary in getting through Raton Pass and shortens the mileage. In a word, the average grade is reduced to less than one per cent.

"After all, Ripley was right," is a saying that has been so often repeated along the line of the Santa Fé that it has acquired the force of a maxim. Each repetition of this admission involves a fresh phase of a strong characteristic in the make-up of this man who does not hesitate to pit his own judgment against that of an entire community, once he has thoroughly canvassed the situation and made sure of his ground. Often he has stood out against the importunities of delegations composed of influential men to whom the road must look for a considerable volume of business and has held to the straight line of his individual conviction when many executives would have yielded to the pressure of influence

Probably no railroad president in America maintains with greater rigor the rule that every man in his employ shall have a full and fair chance to be heard on all important questions, and particularly in case of discipline, by the highest officials of the road. On the other hand he demands from employees of every grade something better than blind obedience or rule-of-thumb service. Even the section-hand is expected to know why he does things thus and so. To foster this spirit of intelligent work it is the policy of the management to give the employee, as far as practicable, the reason for every order. This policy is definitely that of Mr. Ripley and the consistency with which it has been adhered to has built up an *esprit de corps* which is the pride of both the president and the 35,000 employees of the road.

Mr. Ripley's working policies are formulated with a clean-cut definiteness that does not always obtain in railroad administration. His subordinates are chosen with great care and the lines upon which they are to work are placed before them with the accuracy of an engineer's drawing. Then they are given full responsibility in carrying out the general plan. They are supervised but not interfered with, and they are able to rely upon just consideration and allowance for any obstacles and difficulties that may interfere.

Politicians do not take kindly to the Ripley policy—for the excellent reason that this president has a decided aversion to the admixture of railroad administration and politics. He believes that a railroad should be run on strictly business principles.

An Outside Estimate of His Character

In the hearing of the writer, one of the strongest railroad men of America gave this characterization of the President of the Santa Fé: "There are two traits that stick right out in everything that E. P. Ripley does: his integrity and his fairness. These qualities, combined with uncommon ability, account for the fact that he is really one of the biggest railroad men in the country. His integrity is of the aggressive, unyielding type; as the old saying has it, he is so straight that he almost leans backward. Take it in traffic matters, for example. If he saw a chance to take what the world calls a fair advantage of a competitor on a traffic arrangement, do you think he would do it? Never! He would sooner show the other man where the weak spot was and put him on his guard. On the score of good, broad fairness he shows the same kind of moral fibre. This is especially seen in his dealings with employees of all classes. There isn't a man working under him from section-hand to general manager who can't count for a certainty on an absolutely fair decision from Mr. Ripley on any matter that goes up to him. Clean-cut justice is the thing he gives in every case

Editor's Note—This is the third article by Mr. Crissey in a series of character sketches of wide-awake railroad presidents. The next will appear in an early number.

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Their Ways and Their Work

A NEW IRELAND—Those who knew it from Tom Moore and Lever will get a shock in The Untilled Field.

¶ We know very little of Mr. George Moore in this country—that is, we have his work, but little or nothing of his personality. In that interesting volume of reference nicknamed by an irreverent contributor "Literary Tag, or Who's It?" his name appears not at all in the American edition and with only the barest mention in the English edition. It is to be gathered from his Modern Painting—a piece of criticism which, by the way, is more read and more respected by painters than any kindred work on the same subject—that at one time he thought to be a painter himself, but gave it up for letters, and it is of record that in the face of very bitter opposition he has persisted in his own opinions of right and wrong; we know he is an Irishman, and that is all—no "literary gossip," no "anecdotes," no "write-ups," no "little journeys" to his home.

This is not the method of a man bidding for popularity, and it will hardly be said that Mr. Moore has it. He has, however, what is probably more to the taste of the fighting philosopher—a hearing. He has fought for his hearing and he has it; the rights and wrongs of his contention he is philosopher enough to know will be assorted by the sure hand of time, and to time he must be content to leave it.

With even so little knowledge as is ours, we are not, then, wholly unwarned or unarmed for The Untilled Field. The Untilled Field is Ireland. It is a very different Ireland from the Ireland of Charley O'Malley, Harry Lorrequer and Tom Moore. It is a country wholly joyless, stricken, poor, despairing. The horizon melts into the mist and the rain, the roads merge into the fields, and the whole people are rotting like a blasted crop into the earth from which they grew. Passages are not wanting in which this Ireland appears, and two may be quoted:

> "Let the Gael disappear," cries one of the characters. "He is doing it very nicely. Do not interfere with his instinct. His instinct is to disappear in America. Since Cormac's chapel he has built nothing but mud cabins. Since the Cross of Cong he has imported Virgins from Germany."

And again:

> "I examined the fields as we passed them. [illegible] grass and [illegible] there was [illegible] mountains, and the peasants I saw working [illegible] road seemed a counterpart of the landscape. 'The land has made them,' I said 'according to its own image and likeness,' and I tried to find words to define the yearning that I read in their eyes as we drove past. But I could find no words that satisfied me.
>
> "'Only music can express their yearning,' I said, 'and they have written it themselves in their folk tunes.'
>
> "My driver's eyes were the eyes that one meets everywhere in Ireland—pale, wandering eyes that the land seems to create, and I wondered if his character corresponded to his eyes."

Here and there is a mention of Irish history, Irish folk lore, kings and builders, minstrelsy and war making—the ruins mark them all. One is reminded of Shelley's lines:

> "Nothing beside remains, round the decay
> Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
> The lone and level sands stretch far away.'

Only there are no sands, no sunlight to mark with classic precision an aching emptiness, nothing but a trembling line of hills, sheeted in mist—a blurred map of Celtic melancholy and indecision.

No one but an Irishman could so write of Ireland and be listened to; but to an alien who has not himself seen the country there can be no quarreling over the facts; one must judge of the truth of the fact by the vividness of the impression. Vivid is not the word for anything so gray; power would be hardly better for anything so formless; quality might be nearer—the quality of insistence without emphasis or noise, the quality of those sad, simple songs of the peasant, which go on without having begun, in an unending iteration of sorrow. Or if it is power, it is the power of a slow, cloudy melancholia, shutting down over hope and purpose—not the force of a blow to strike senseless. A dull heartache drips from the pages and soaks into the veins like the mist from those sodden skies. There is no story; there are hardly chapters—here an incident, there an incident, now a face seen before, appearing suddenly out of the obscurity and then vanished again. There is no orderly progress toward a definite end. You wander through the fields—the untilled fields—you see what you pass, you talk with whom you meet and you draw your own conclusions. Conclusions, and those of a very positive nature, there are. Mr. Moore has his gospel for the redemption of this smitten land, and it is his consistency in his attitude of belief that gives his book a unity beyond any attribute of technical construction. What this belief is the reader will have no difficulty in getting, although it is not preached from the author's own pages. It is a belief sure to provoke argument, and where argument is better that the reader should have it out with his principal than with the reviewer.

The Office Boy's Lyrics
BY S. E. KISER

XVIII

She's went away! It seems as though
  The days was longer than before;
The clock don't hardly seem to go
  Since she ain't sittin' here no more;
I wonder if she spends the time
  Just watchin' waves dash on the shore?

I hope she's awful lonesome there
  And frets and thinks of me all day,
And wishes she was back here where
  She'd hear the things that I would say;
I wish she'd get all pale and thin
  And look as though she'd pine away.

And then a doctor'd come and ast
  Her what the trouble was, and she
Would try to hide it, but at last
  She'd gasp my name, and then they'd be
A messenger come tearin' in
  Here with a telegram for me

So I'd go rushin' to her then,
  And when I got there on the run
She'd cheer up and get well again,
  And people wouldn't call me Son
Nor Bub no more, but every day
  They'd praise the noble deed I done.

XIX

I've sent my resignation in, and Grace
  Won't see me here when she comes back, because
I've got to go and take another place—
  I guess the man is some old beau of maw's.

He'll pay me double what I'm gettin' now,
  And maw's about half crazy, she's so glad—
But what's the good of money, anyhow,
  When something else is what you wish you had?

When I ain't here no more I'll bet you they
  Will get some kid that's hardly worth a cent—
I wonder how *she'll* act and what she'll say
  When she comes back and hears that I have went?

I hate to leave them in the lurch. It's mean—
  And maybe she'll stick to the firm for years,
And me not here to help to cheer poor Green
  Who looks so kind of sad.—Confound the tears!

(The End)

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The President's Daughter

(*Continued from Page 11*)

section into which he could throw himself and feast undisturbed on his telegram. He studied it anew, tried to consider coolly whether her message meant anything or nothing and gloated over the magic of the letters that made her initials; and when he slept, the word last in his heart was Gertrude.

In the morning he breakfasted late in the sunshine of the diner, passed his friends again and secluded himself in his section. Never before had she said "I"; always it had been "We." With eyes half-closed upon the window he repeated the words and spoke her name after them because every time the speaking drugged him like lotus, until, yielding again to the exhaustion of the week's work and strain, he fell asleep.

When he roused, the car was dark and gloomy; the train conductor, Sid Francis, was sitting beside him, laughing.

"You're sleepy to-day, Mr. Glover."

"Sid, where are we?" asked Glover, looking at his watch; it was four o'clock.

"Grouse Creek."

"Are we late? What's the matter?"

The conductor nodded toward the window. "Look there."

The sky was gray with a driving haze; a thin sweep of snow flying in the sand of the storm was whitening the sagebush.

Glover, waking wide, turned to the window. "Where's the wind, Sid?"

"Northwest."

"What's the thermometer?"

"Thirty at Creston; sixty when we left MacDill at noon."

"Everything running?"

"They've been getting the freights into the division since noon. There'll be something doing to-night in the range, won't there? They sent stock warnings everywhere this morning, but they can't begin to protect the stock between here and Medicine in one day. Pulling hard, isn't she? We're not making up anything."

The porter was lighting the lamps. While they talked it had grown quite dark. Losing time every mile of the way, the train, frost-crusted to the eyelids, got into Sleepy Cat at half-past six o'clock, four hours late.

The crowded yard, as they pulled through it, showed the tie-up of the day's traffic. Long lines of freight cars filled the trackage, and overloaded switch-engines struggled with ever-growing burdens to avert the inevitable blockade of the night. Glover's anxiety as he left the train at the station was as to whether he could catch anything on the Glen Tarn branch to take him up to the Springs that night, for there he was resolved to get before morning if he had to take an engine for the run.

As he started up the narrow hall leading to the telegraph office he heard the rustle of skirts. Some one was descending the stairway and with his face in the light he halted.

"Oh, Mr. Glover."

"Why—Miss Brock!" It was Gertrude.

"What in the world——" he began. His broken voice was very natural, she thought, but there was amazement in his utterance. He noticed there was little color in her face; the deep boa of fur nestling about her throat might account for that.

"What a chance that I should meet you!" she exclaimed, her back hard against the side wall, for the hall was narrow and brought them face to face. She spoke on. "Did you get my——?"

"Did I?" he echoed. "I have traveled every minute since yesterday afternoon to get here——"

Her uneasy laugh interrupted him. "It was hardly worth while, all that."

"——and I was just going up to find out about getting to Glen Tarn."

"Glen Tarn! I left Glen Tarn this afternoon all alone to go to Medicine Bend—papa is there, did you know? He came yesterday with all the directors. Our car was attached for me to the afternoon train coming down." She was certainly wrought up, he thought. "But when we reached here, the train I should have taken for Medicine Bend had not come——"

"It is here now."

"Thank Heaven, is it?"

"I came on it."

"Then I can start at last! I have been so nervous. Is this our train? They said our car couldn't be attached to this train and that I should have to go down in one of the sleepers. I don't understand it at all. Will you have the car sent back to Glen Tarn in the morning, Mr. Glover? And would you get my handbag? I was nearly run over a while ago by some engine or other. I mustn't miss this train——"

"Never fear, never fear," said Glover.

"But I *cannot* miss it. Be very, very sure, won't you?"

"Indeed I shall. The train won't start for some time yet. First let me take you to your car and then make some inquiries. Is no one down with you?"

"No one; I am alone."

"Alone?"

"I expected to have been with papa by this time. It takes so little time to run down, you know, and I telegraphed papa I should come on to meet him."

The car, coupled to a steam-pipe, stood just east of the station and Glover, helping her into it, went back after a moment to the telegraph office. It seemed a long time that he was gone and he returned covered with snow. She advanced quickly to him in her wraps. "Are they ready?"

He shook his head. "I'm afraid you can't get to Medicine Bend to-night."

"Oh, but I must."

"They have abandoned Number Six."

"What does that mean?"

"The train will be held here to-night on account of the storm. There will be no train of any kind down before morning; not then, if this keeps up."

"Is there danger of a blockade?"

"There is a blockade."

"Then I must get to papa to-night." She spoke with disconcerting firmness.

"May I suggest?" he asked.

"Certainly."

"Would it not be infinitely better to go back to the Springs?"

"No, that would be infinitely worse."

"It would be comparatively easy—an engine to pull your car up on a special order?"

"I will *not* go back to the Springs to-night and I will go to Medicine Bend," she exclaimed apprehensively. "May I not have a special there as well as to the Springs?"

Until that moment he had never seen anything of her father in her; but her father spoke in every feature; she was a Brock.

Glover looked grave. "You may have, I am sure, every facility the division offers. I make only the point," he said gently, "that it might be hazardous to attempt to get to the Bend to-night. I have just come from the telegraph office. In the district I left this morning the wires are all down to-night. That is where the storm is coming from. There is a lull here just now, but——"

"I thank you, Mr. Glover, believe me, very sincerely for your solicitude. I have no choice but to go, and if I must, the sooner the better, surely. Is it possible for you to make arrangements for me?"

"It is possible, yes," he answered guardedly.

"But you hesitate."

"It is a terrible night."

"I like snow, Mr. Glover."

"The danger is the wind."

"Are you afraid?" There was a touch of ridicule in her laughing tone.

"Yes," he answered, "I am afraid."

"You are jesting."

She saw that he flushed just at the eyes; but he spoke still gently.

"You will go then?"

"I must."

"Then I will get orders at once."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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By Charlotte Becker

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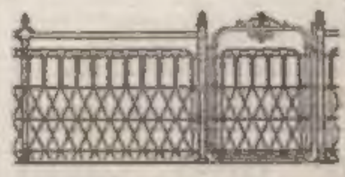

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Why?
You cannot afford it? Bosh! you spend
Editions de luxe on a thirsty friend.
You can buy any one of the poetry bunch
For the price you pay for a business lunch.
Don't you suppose that a hungry head,
Like an empty stomach, ought to be fed?
Looking into myself, I find this true,
So I hardly can figure it false in you.

And you don't *read* poetry very much.
(Such
Is my own case also.) "But," you cry,
"I haven't the time." Beloved, you lie.
When a scandal happens in Buffalo,
You ponder the details con and pro.
If poets were pugilists, couldn't you tell
Which of the poets licked John L.?
If poets were counts, could your wife be fooled
As to which of the poets married a Gould?
And even my books might have some hope
If poetry books were books of dope.

"You're a little bit swift," you say to me.
"See!"
You open your library. There you show
Your "favorite poets," row on row,
Chaucer, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Poe,
A Homer unread, an uncut Horace,
A wholly forgotten William Morris.
My friend, my friend, can it be you thought
That these were poets whom you had bought?
These are dead men's bones. You bought their
mummies
To display your style, like clothing dummies.
But when do they talk to you? Some One said
That these were poets who should be read,
So here they stand. But tell me, pray,
How many poets who live to-day
Have you, of your own volition, sought,
Discovered and tested, proved and *bought*,
With a grateful glow that the dollar you spent
Netted the poet his ten per cent.?

"But hold on," you say, "I am reading *you*."
True,
And pitying, too, the sorry end
Of the dog I tried this on. My friend,
I *can* write poetry — good enough
So you wouldn't look at the worthy stuff,
But, knowing what you prefer to read,
I'm setting the pace at about your speed,
Being rather convinced these truths will hold you
A little bit better than if I'd told you
A genuine poem and forgotten to scold you.
Besides, when I open my little room
And see *my* poets, each in his tomb
With his mouth dust-stopped, I turn from the shelf
And I must scold you, or scold myself.

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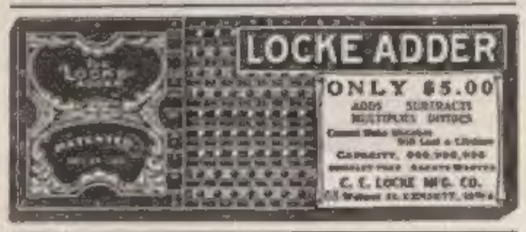

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